

say, the communications of some of the Spirits have confirmed my faith on many of the doctrines in Scripture, respecting which I was previously skeptical, by the apparent soundness of their reasoning. The miracles in particular, wrought in a dark and remote age, were constant stumbling-blocks to me.

The "physical manifestations" I have so often witnessed, at home as well as abroad, have thoroughly convinced me that the power of Spirits over the elements of matter is very great. The difference between these manifestations and the ancient miracles is only one of degree. Greater power of the same kind would produce greater results.

I have no common feelings with any of those numerous demoralizing doctrines, which have been propagated by some Spiritualists, such as "free love," etc., and which have nothing to do with Spiritualism proper. It has been the fashion—and a very uncandid one—to lay all these doctrines at the door of Spiritualism. When a man parts with his wife, or a wife with her husband, if the parties are not Spiritualists, it is, of course, very bad and immoral; but if, on a careful investigation, they are found to be Spiritualists, we have sermons and denunciations without number against Spiritualists and Spiritualism in general.

J. W. D. MOODIE.

DESTINY OF THE INDIANS.

A REVIEW OF MRS. SPENCE'S LECTURE.

MR. EDITOR: The lecture by Mrs. Spence, as reported in the TELEGRAPH of April 16, seems to sanction violence and war among mankind, as though evil was necessary to good, and wrong precedents were essential to righteous ultimates. In my humble opinion, such sentiments are at variance with reason and history, and are calculated to delay the coming of the good time of which the prophets spoke, when "nation shall not lift up swords against nation," and when men "shall learn war no more."

But lest I should be supposed to have misunderstood the lecturer, I submit the following extract, with the reflections which it naturally suggests:

"See the tiny minnow hurrying from its pursuer, calling upon the waves to roll it into a harbor of safety, and upon the rushing current to sweep it to a haven of shelter from its enemies, with its love of life and its fears silently and deeply imploring for justice and mercy. But, no! Behold the nimble deer panting upon the precipice, its warm heart throbbing, and its delicate form shaking with fear. The flesh eaters are near; it utters no voice; but yet were man to vocalize its prayer to God, it would be 'Justice! Mercy!' 'O God, where art thou?' The bleaching bones of the red man whiten the earth from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and they cry out against the heavy tramp of the white man, his destroyer, and the remnants of the millions that once were cry aloud for justice and mercy. But, no! Their fate is sealed. Principles march forward, deaf and blind, dealing with man as with beast, and plant, and rock. It is thus that the mightier absorbs and consumes the lesser; it is thus that Nature marches irresistibly onward through blood, and carnage, and death, and destruction, to her higher destiny—to the reproduction of higher forms. The irresistible progress of the higher types of man is visible, and 'manifest destiny' is but another name for the instinctive forces which move of their own powers, and, like electricity, light, heat, magnetism, obey no law but their own, because they can not obey any other."

If the foregoing is true, then, indeed, it is a truism that "might gives right," and the Indian and the African, and all the crushed peoples of the earth, may cease to pray, for there is not a ray of hope beaming from justice and mercy in their behalf. No. "Their fate is sealed;" "Nature's seal of destiny is upon them," and Nero, and border ruffians, and tyrants, of all ages and nations, are as much in harmony with the Divine principle as the elements which dissolve the rock, expand the rose, and fill the earth with life and beauty. The premises which indicate such an inference do not recognize that justice and mercy are as infinite in power and comprehensiveness as any principle in the universe. I conceive that the error consists in assuming that man, and rocks, and plants, and brutes, are alike subject to the same laws—hence, because the deer is a prey to the flesh eater, and the little fish are devoured by the large ones, so the strong man has a right to oppress his weaker brother. For Mrs. Spence says: "It is thus that the mightier absorbs and consumes the lesser; it is thus that Nature marches on through blood, and carnage, and destruction, to her higher destiny."

The fallacy of all this is apparent when we consider that during a long succession of ages myriads of deer and fish have been "absorbed and consumed," yet we have no evidence that sharks and wolves have attained any higher development or destiny than they had on the day they were created.

And as for these victimized creatures, occupying the same plane with suffering humanity, vainly appealing to God for

"justice and mercy," this is too absurd and impious to be supposed.

Caution being a prominent faculty in the deer and the minnow, and destructiveness being equally prominent in the wolf and the shark, both classes of animals find equal pleasure in the exercise of their respective aptitudes; each is necessary to mutual enjoyment; and were there no beasts of prey, existence would be as much of a blank to the largest part of creation as it would be to musicians without ears, or to painters without eyes. Hence reason and facts demonstrate that the arrangements of the animal kingdom are just and good. But as man is endowed with more numerous faculties, and with those of a higher nature, he is called to a different exercise and superior enjoyment, and the history of individuals, as well as of nations, shows that in proportion as man obeys his higher call he attains a nobler end.

The assertion that man marches onward "through blood, and carnage, and death, and destruction, to his higher destiny," as though this were the direct road to elevation, is, I think, a serious mistake. All history proves the reverse. We have only to look at the Jews, the Assyrians, and the Romans, and all the conquering nations of antiquity, to be assured that whenever man or nations act on the low plane of animal law, and "absorb and consume" their fellows, they are in turn absorbed and consumed, and this must necessarily be so, as a philosophical result, aside from any considerations of retributive justice; for as vicious living does not tend to virtue and temperance, so neither does the exercise of brute force promote the attainment of a nobler manhood.

That the human race, as a whole, is improving, there can be no doubt, but it is in spite, and not in consequence of, these destructive outbreaks, for God will make the wrath of man to praise Him.

But is there not reason to believe, from the deterioration of public morals, as seen in the daily records of crime, and the prostitution of virtue and honor in high places and low, that we are even now reaping what we have sowed? And may we not fear that as the cry of the Israelites was answered in the overthrow of Pharaoh and his mighty host, so the "bleaching bones of the red man" may yet find an avenger?

It is with the hope of preventing wrong and misery that I entreat a more thorough consideration of those principles which God has established, rather than the presentations of an excited destructiveness, or of a "science falsely so called."

Yours truly,

JOHN BEESON.

"NUDE MATERIALISM" VINDICATED.

MR. PARTRIDGE: POUGHKEEPSIE, April 18, 1859.

Observing in a late number of the TELEGRAPH, an article headed "Strictures on Nude Materialism," I, as an advocate or believer in the philosophy of materialism, will, as far as my humble capabilities will admit, endeavor to reply.

The individual who subscribes himself "J. R. T." seems to take exception to the remark of Dr. Gregory, that the reception of an impression upon the brain causes "a motion in its fibers, or an alteration in its form, texture and arrangement."

Now it is evident that the brain must be altered in some manner on the reception of an impression or idea; but whether it is "a motion in its fibers, or an alteration in its form, texture and arrangement," can not be safely predicated.

There are various hypotheses in regard to this phenomenon of mind. "J. R. T." wishes to know whether the effect of an object or occurrence stops at the brain, or whether it passes on still farther in order to reach what Dr. Gregory calls "consciousness." Here the gentleman evidently misinterprets the author of "Nude Materialism." I have yet to learn that Dr. Gregory ever asserted that the brain was otherwise than the seat of consciousness.

He says that the operation of stimuli upon the brain (causing an alteration in its state) produces a consciousness of the object, action or occurrence. The state of the brain is analogous to the consciousness of the object.

"J. R. T." does not credit the assertion that the mind decays. Are the functions of the mind as vigorous in old age as in youth and manhood? Or is "second childishness and mere oblivion" only a chimera? The gentleman asserts that, although a man acts differently from what he did when a child, it does not follow by any means that the mind is changed.

Now I believe it is generally recognized that mind acts upon body; or, in other words, an impulse of body presupposes a volition or act of will. If, then, body be controlled by mind, and as we know that our actions, likes and dislikes are different from those of childhood, you must either admit that mind changes, or that our actions, etc., are invariably the same. The gentleman may ride whichever horn of the dilemma he chooses.

Again, in support of his hypothesis that the mind never changes, he cites an instance that occurred during his childhood, of which he has a distinct and vivid recollection. By this instance of memory, which comes under the head of "Secondary Sensation," he endeavors to account for all the various phenomena of mind, and assumes from that his postulate that the mind never changes. But mark the consistency. A little farther on he asserts that memory is not mind, but a faculty of mind. The gentleman asks, "is memory composed of particles of matter? If not, it is plain it is not material."

I would ask, is pain or pleasure composed of particles of matter? Or are they merely states? Is memory an entity, or merely a state of the brain?

"J. R. T." seems to regret that man is a mere machine, and ought not to be made responsible for any act he may commit for, he observes, "where there is no responsibility, there can be no punishment." His benevolence here evidently gets the better of his philosophy.

The elements, like man, act under the law of inevitable necessity; but because they can not be otherwise than destructive to man, are we not to avail ourselves of every means to shelter us from their fury? Because the rain can not help descending, are we not to erect gutters around our dwellings to prevent it from sapping the foundation? Because some men are naturally vicious and destructive, are we not to adopt such means as will protect society from the operation of their destructiveness? Did mankind acquiesce in this view of the case, the present plan of punishing criminals would be somewhat modified. We make the elements subservient to our uses. We disarm the lightning of its terrors and make it conducive to the interests of society. Why not make even the most abandoned criminals useful to the state instead of stringing them up like cats?

The gentleman discovers a discrepancy in Dr. Gregory's theory. He can not comprehend that if ideas are not innate, and if a man can not, strictly speaking, take an idea out of his head and put it into another's, how it is possible to scare up an idea; or, in case of teacher and pupil, how a child can be taught the principles and axioms of mathematics.

A little closer application to the study of materialism will disclose to him the fact that we can not, as stated before, take an idea from our brain and put it into another's; but by language or otherwise, we produce an impression on the mind of another similar to our own; or, in other words, cause in the brain of another "a motion of its fibers, or alteration in its form, texture and arrangement," precisely analogous to the state of our own mental functions, thereby producing precisely the same impression or idea. Respectfully, T. ROBINSON.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD—No. 1.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Between the two extremes of infidelity and faith, there is the greatest variety of speculation as to the locality of man's future state. The ancient scriptures abound with assertions of a hereafter, but afford no clue to its region. Conventional authorities also have generally left this question untouched, or as unsettled as they found it in the older documents of inspiration; and hence thought and fancy have had a wider range, in this particular, than in regard to most religious topics. With all the liberty thus allotted, it is singular to remark the small attempt of reason to satisfy a curiosity which has all the promptings of our everlasting interest in it.

There is a common notion of heaven somewhere above the clouds of earth; but rarely have theologians themselves conceived more definitely its position in space. Now and then a poet, or poet-preacher, has incidentally dropped a fragment of his dream, touching a *terra firma* for souls in the center of the universe, where God is supposed to sit enthroned in his especial glory. Some have laid the scene of human immortality in the sun, or the brightest star in the galaxy, and others in the metaphorical "new earth" of the Apocalypse, sending man

to sleep in the grave till the morning of the unaccountable "resurrection." Dr. Dick, with better reasoning, puts it in all the glittering host, and makes immortals itinerate from star to star, sojourning a while in each. With one other exception, to which I will call the reader's attention by and by, the most enlightened people have no reasonable conception of whither the Spirit goes when it vacates the house it has lived in here.

Yet who is not interested in the question? Who would not gladly learn the way the loved of earth have gone, who have so mysteriously eluded our embrace? Will any be satisfied with less than may be known of Hope's bright home? None; though many fear, and so suppress their longing, when Superstition shakes her foolish head, admonishing, with timid scowl and half-unwitting cant, that "secret things belong to God"—her God, that would not have a child of reason "wise above what is written." But such not I, nor likely such my reader.

Come, heaven-born, heaven-conducting Reason, sun of my soul! by whose steady light I never yet have stumbled; shine upon my path and lead my upward way; and if thy rays can penetrate the home of angels, even to the throne of God, thus far I follow with a trusting heart.

Father! the word of Reason is *thy* word.
Then let the brain's instinctive prayer be heard—
"More light! more light!"—till in that light we see
Heaven everywhere out-born of thy benignity.

Where is the Spirit-world, and what relation does it sustain to the world of Sense? What is its scenery? what its society? and what employments there engage the blest?

No merely descriptive answer to these questions, though made expressly by an angel from the sphere of beatitude, would be satisfactory to the human mind in its terrestrial state, unless prefaced by certain rational considerations. This is because we habitually test the reality of substance by the senses, and that of abstract truths by reasoning, and can not be convinced of a proposition wholly new, by whatever authority it is announced, without the confirmation of one or the other of these natural methods of intellection. We may believe without evidence, but we are never content with doing so in any matter of great interest, when we think we have a right to know. In religious exercises, the common persuasion of inability to comprehend a mystery, in conjunction with a sense of duty and prospective interest to accept it, often induces a seeming satisfaction in mere belief. Take away from the mind of every worshiper these several incentives—the real props of faith—and the temples of religious mockery in Christendom would all fall in a day. The votaries of creeds and formularies know as little of God and their own souls, as they do generally of the natural and abstract sciences; and, with the same license, they would ridicule the old mysteries of godliness as pertly as they now do the no less heavenly revelations of modern seers.

If an intelligent Spirit in the spheres above would make known to us the peculiar realities of life in the Spirit-world, one would be compelled to adopt our language, beginning with what we already know, and conducting our minds to the unknown by the common method of reasoning. With such a teacher we might arrive at the proposed result more directly and speedily, but not a whit more certainly, than is possible without such aid. All ideas purely supernal, growing out of experience in Spirit-life, and having no similitude on earth, would be as incommunicable on the angel's part as they are undiscoverable by us; but all the philosophy of the future state, which superior beings might inculcate to men, lies wholly within the compass of our own rational faculties.

In truth, we have an able Teacher—God,
Who talks to us in our own mother tongue,
Adapts his method to our weakly minds,
And tasks our growing powers as they will bear.
But we are idle pupils more than dull.
We act not well an earnest learner's part,
Nor seek instruction ere it is proposed;
And oft when oracles of wisdom infinite
Are uttered in our ears, we let them slip.
What striking symbols of almightiness,
Omniscient purpose and unchanging love!
We often tread upon, nor think of God!
What sonnets in the flowers! what histories
In all the broken strata of our globe!
The Book of Nature wide unfolds to all,
And much the gain of being versed in it;
But more the need that we digest what's read.
We want the science of all sciences—
The rationale of our philosophy.
An inner sensibility of soul
Should take the full meaning of what we know.
Then should we see our Father in his work,
The work of making heaven everywhere.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

FORTY-SEVENTH SESSION.

THE SAME QUESTION CONTINUED.

Dr. ORTON—Of course, the influence inquired after refers to that which is secretly or unconsciously exerted; that is to say, which is not born of the physical, but spiritual nature—which is not words, but the spirit of words; not music, but the soul of music—and which lives and acts though no sound be heard and no visible presence be recognized. The music or the eloquence which most stirs us is not the offspring of sound, but of *state*, when author, actor and auditor are *one* as to state or feeling. When this is not the case, the sound is empty and the words are dead. This secret influence is perhaps best illustrated in the intercourse between mother and child. The mother's hand will convey it, though no word be spoken. We see daily proof of it in the cat, dog, and horse. By laying the hand upon them, we affect them pleasantly or otherwise, as our purpose may be. Those who are familiar with children and our domestic animals, know this to be true, and it is only explicable on the ground taken in his remarks at the last session.

Dr. GRAY thought the wording of the question not happy. It asks for the *quantity* or "extent" of influence that may be exerted. This we have no means of measuring; the real question is, Can the feelings of one person be transferred to another without words, etc.? As Spiritualists, we of course must answer, Yes. It is a broad question, and presents a variety of phases for consideration. First, it may be remarked, there is a transfer of the physical state, as seen in gaping, and in the transmission of disease; and in this may be found the philosophy of contagion. Then there may be a transfer of the spiritual state of one individual into the physical state of another. The orator infuses his state into his hearers, and they are moved, body and soul, by the proliferation of his spirit. This may be seen in what is called religious revivals, where the power usually denominated by that clumsy word, *psychology*, is often operative to the extent of inducing the hearer to believe that the doctrine uttered is his own, when in fact it is *not*. There is a great deal of this exotic faith extant; indeed, it is the prevalent faith. When the subject of it comes to ask himself, Do I believe in a future state, in hell-fire, in the Trinity, etc.? he bethinks him that he is a deacon, perchance, and carries the plate every Sunday, and answers, O yes—but in fact he does not. This is not the faith that controls his life; it is an exotic, a flower from another garden, and will fade out. This transfer of faith needs to be understood. The Spiritualist may be the subject of it, as well as another. It should be remembered in the plenitude of enthusiasm consequent upon a first conviction of the reality of spiritual intercourse, that this is but a transfer from another mind, and is not the offspring of our own; and unless it is made so by a careful examination of the philosophy, and a living application of it, as in every other case resting on mere transfer, it will assuredly die.

Mr. FOWLER wished to add a few more anecdotes to those cited last week. On one occasion he observed a man with a horse and cart loaded with brick, in difficulty. The cart was fast in the mud. The man was evidently in a state of discouragement, impatience and fear of the horse. He would hit him a cut with the whip and then run off a few steps, turn around and halloo "Whoa!" with most dismal earnestness. Observing his quandary, he stepped up to the horse, patted him, and after a few kind and encouraging words, laid hold of the harness as if to help him, and cheerily bid him go. He went like a shot. He has often done the like. These things may be regarded as trifles, but they indicate the law of transfer of feelings. He had intended to write out his views upon this question, but circumstances had prevented his doing more than the following:

Feeling comprises one class of the facilities of experience.

I divide experience into Realization and Idealization, and these each have two classes of facilities—sensations and changes, the Realizing; impressions and feelings, the Idealizing classes. Each of these four classes have sixty-four degrees of unfolding—256 degrees in all of the unfoldings of the facilities of experience.

The sensation class has the negative condition; the change class the positive condition; the impression class the passive quality, and the feeling class the transition quality.

Sensation facilitates negatively by the memorizing process; change, positively, by the choosing or choice process; impression, passively, by the remembering or admembering process; and feeling, transitively, by the intuitional process.

Mr. FOWLER continued: Feeling may be illustrated by light, which naturally diffuses itself, but which may be focalized. It is feeling focalized which we see in revivals. One man feels that he wants to stop another from going to hell, and presently, perhaps half a dozen or more are melted under the focal concentration of this feeling. The same is true in reform, in politics, etc. On the battle field, the general imparts his confidence of victory not only to his soldiers, but to the very horse he sits upon. They are inspired by his courage—electricity by his state. If he is depressed, fearful, anticipating defeat, history shows that he is pretty certain to realize it; and the philosophy of that result is before us. Mobs, riots, men universally, whether acting individually or in masses, are subject to a power that can neither be seen, handled, measured nor weighed—which, it may be, can not be appreciated as a transfer, or communicated feeling, by

either actor or subject. In one case, a state of prayer may be thus induced, and in another case, a state of fighting; but how is praise in the one case, or blame in the other, to attach to individuals thus moved to action?

Mr. COLES said: The interesting feature of the question to him is that suggested by the remarks of Dr. Gray; to wit, is there an effect produced by one person upon another by purely psychical means? In the case of gaping, referred to by Dr. Gray, a physical agent is necessary. The master of ceremonies must be present; in the dark or in the next room out of sight, he would lose his power. There are apparently some facts which go to show that messages, feelings and impressions may be communicated other than by telegrams, etc., but they are too loosely stated to warrant the affirmation of a law of psychical transfer. The narrator is one who usually is in search of facts wherewithal to back up his full-blown philosophy, rather than to serve as ground upon which to plant it, and in this self-induced state of comfortable assurance, is very apt to forget the failures seen by mere prosaic mortals to lie thickly scattered along the pathway of observation. Others of the facts usually relied upon, may be set down as mere coincidences—a happening at the same time—purely chance occurrences. In his estimation, the gift of God, *par excellence*, is *individuality*—that crystalized *selfhood* which can shut out not only human interference or influence, but even God himself, as we are told the sinner does when he rejects salvation at the hands of our evangelical ministry. Man, in his judgment, is much more influenced by external than by internal or invisible causes. Perkins is said to have done wonders by his metallic tractors, and the doctors are said to have succeeded as well with wooden ones; but whatever the real cause of cure, there was physical substance to transmit it, and hence it can not be set down as a pure psychical transfer, nor is he aware of any other case that can be. So he is compelled still to ask, can a person at a distance be affected by another through any means not physical?

Dr. GRAY: Since the days of Mesmer the facts have been so abundant, that it is difficult to conceive how a person in the least familiar with them can raise the question at this time of day suggested by Mr. Coles.

Mr. COLES desired to explain that he accepted clairvoyance and the mesmeric phenomena as true. [The Reporter thought that acceptance sucked all the vitality out of the doubt of Mr. Coles about the reality of psychical transfer, but seeing him thus lay violent hands upon his own hypothesis, he didn't say anything, lest farther harm might come of it.]

Dr. GRAY continued: When it is demonstrated that a single person can be thus influenced, the point is proved. The extent to which this influence may be carried in ordinary intercourse is matter of observation. With respect to the bearing of this fact of psychical transfer upon the question of crime, he has to say that he does not consider the subject of it as responsible for his own acts. In France, during the Reign of Terror, it is said religious persons being thrust in prison among the profane, cursed and swore as roundly as the most abandoned, to the great delight of atheism; and profane men, subjected to like confinement with pious persons, pray; but they are not to be considered any more accountable for thus doing, than is the psychological subject who believes the walking stick that is held up before him to be a snake. The man who, through psychical transfer, is raised above his natural state, is not to be praised, nor is the man who, by the same means, is depressed below it, to be blamed. Responsibility attaches only to the acts of the individual.

A lady testified that an attempted burglary which was frustrated by her physician, who was present at the house when the attempt was made, so affected her, though distant from the scene, as to cause her to feel and act as he did. Her sensations at the time were wholly inexplicable, which induced her to write to the doctor to know the cause, and by the return mail she received the above explanation.

Dr. GRAY related several facts of his own knowledge. One was that of a patient whom he sent to Western Pennsylvania for the benefit of her health. It was agreed between her husband and himself that after her arrival they would try, by way of experiment, whether communication could not be had with her through clairvoyance. It was successful. Many minute and some ludicrous facts were stated by the clairvoyant in New York, as occurring in the presence of his patient on the western slope of the Alleghany Mountains, which were confirmed by her own diary. One most unlikely thing for a coincidence was this: The clairvoyant said, on a certain occasion, they are performing an Indian war dance. — is not present, but has gone down stairs, and is magnetizing a negro girl; and the best of the joke is, she is shamming. — thinks she is in the magnetic state, but she is not. This statement was confirmed in every essential particular.

Dr. GOULD: If the theory be true that persons in the body can thus influence others, he feels to be alarmed about Spiritualism, because, if it be true in any case, how do we know but that it may be in all? The inevitable consequence of that doctrine is to weaken, if not wholly destroy, the foundation of spiritual faith. As a rule, he has great respect for the wisdom of friend Coles; but his doctrine of coincidences is entirely too tough a theory for him to swallow. His explanation is that a third spirit is at the bottom of these cases of influence and impression occurring between distant persons.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

SERMON,

BY EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D.D.,

DELIVERED SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1859.

Reported exclusively for this Paper.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." MATT. 5: 7.

I remind you that, in these discourses on the Beatitudes, I am speaking of them as great spiritual laws, the blessing not being attached as an arbitrary appendix to some quality of mind or action, but being unfolded in the very action or disposition itself. It is in the nature of things that "the meek" should "inherit the earth;" that "the pure in heart" should "see God;" that "the merciful" should "obtain mercy."

Let us in the first place ask, who are the merciful? To what disposition of mind, or mode of action, does this beatitude belong? The merciful are all the truly sympathetic, the loving, the helpful. Now, my friends, let us not conceive this quality of mercy as something that we are rarely called upon to exercise, or as something required only in peculiar and exceptional conditions. We are so accustomed to associate mercy with some official station, with some prerogative of executive or sovereign power, that we may forget how often it is demanded of all men, in almost every relation of life; that as we are all weak enough, in one way or another, to need mercy, so there are times when the weakest is strong enough to bestow it, and is called upon to exhibit it. The instances are innumerable. Take a familiar case—take some occasion when we hold, as it were, our brother's life in our hands—a portion, at least, of his most valued and dearest life—his good name, his reputation among men. His reputation, not his character, for that men can not give or take away—that, in its own intrinsic quality, stands alone with him and with his God. But how often our brother's reputation lies at our mercy! How often a whisper may be as a fatal dagger's point, and a shrug of the shoulders as a judicial sentence. How often his own acts, misinterpreted by us, or for the moment unconsidered on his part, place him at our disposal, and, in his weakness, throw him upon our magnanimity, our pity, our charitable construction. And alas! how often men take up the alternative, and instead of rendering the best construction, adopt the worst. How they cast him who needs their mercy into the shadow of the darkest interpretation, and, taking the clue of the overt act, brand his motives, his life, everything, with the blackest stamp. It is a sad fact that no coin circulates like scandal, or so rapidly accumulates compound interest. And though it may not be very merciful for me to say this—I am afraid that there are many people who feel grievously disappointed when the occasion for scandal collapses—proves to be baseless—and the capital upon which they have traded with such winged words, turns out to be counterfeit and a lie. I suppose it is reckoned a piece of worldly wisdom to be suspicious, and to think the worst of men in general. It may keep us from disagreeable surprises and guard us from impositions.

The man that shrewdly suspects all other men, is continually upon the look-out against treachery on their part. But I believe it to be a much better piece of wisdom to think the best of men rather than the worst. I had rather be cheated, once in a while, and hold to the general tenor of this trust, than to wear a double magnifying lens of suspicion, and be always safe. Nay, am I not cheated in this way just as much, and more? By adopting this suspicious method, I both cheat and am cheated. I cheat many an honest man of his just claim upon my regard and confidence, and I am cheated out of the blessedness of whole-hearted love and kindly association. Therefore the unmerciful man is most certainly an unblest man. His sympathies are all dried up; he is afflicted with a chronic jaundice, and lives, timidly and darkly, in a little narrow rat-hole of distrust. He has no free use of the world; he breathes no liberal and generous air; he walks in no genial sunshine. He loses all the bliss that comes from sympathy, from open-heartedness, from familiar and confiding association. More than this, such a theory of humanity is an open self-condemnation. Where has he derived this theory? Upon what premises has he built it up? Surely, from his own self-consciousness, from his own personal experience. There is darkness within him, and so darkness falls upon everything. His own actions are sinister, and so all humanity seems sinister. The suspicious man, the man who distrusts all other men, and is unmerciful to all, reveals himself as a mean man. For I urge, that not only is this an unmerciful view of men in general—it is an unjust view. The goodness of people around us is not all a mask. There is much that is "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," but also there is sweet and true music. I believe those men who seem to us the worst, seem worse than they really are. I believe there is some vein of light in the darkest heart—some extenuating influence in the basest life. Now, it is well not to run into extremes, but to regard men as they are—creatures with mixed motives and complex natures. But if an extreme we must have—if we will adopt a sweeping theory respecting mankind in general—I repeat, it is better to think the best of them rather than the worst, and run the risk. At least this devolves upon us not only as an act of mere mercy, but of justice, that where we do not know the actual state of the case, we are bound to adopt the best interpretation, and give it the most charitable construction. We are bound always to render mercy wherever mercy can be rendered. Moreover, I believe that merciful treatment is always lawful treatment, wise treat-

ment. I have said at other times that mercy is not a weak sentiment. It does not deny the necessity of punishment; it is not a withholding of retribution where the retribution is demanded. It is not that puny sentiment that lets the one go and the many suffer. All mercy is justice, I say; all justice is mercy; and on the other hand, where there is no mercy, there is no justice. The truly just act—the act that punishes the criminal according to the nature of his deed, the act that rescues society from the evil effects of criminal life, that makes the criminal himself feel the greatness of his guilt—is a mercy to the criminal as well as to the community. Only remember that we cannot grade the degrees of guilt; no human tribunal can punish the sinner; that belongs to God Almighty; but so far as the act bears harmfully upon society, so far, no doubt, it is mercy to restrain him. There is no mercy, there is no justice, in taking the life of a man under any circumstances whatever. It depreciates human life to hang a man; it is not an expedient of safety; but to confine the murderer, to restrict his power, to say you shall do no more evil, is mercy and justice combined. So, I repeat, mercy is no weak sentiment. It is not in opposition to justice; it is justice, while conversely justice is mercy, and wherever we can exercise mercy with safety to the community, with a due sense of human guilt, there we ought to exercise it.

In how many thousand instances does a man hold in his own hands, therefore, the power of manifesting this blessed quality of mercy. You are an employer; there is some boy in your employment who commits his first transgression, perhaps not really conscious of the greatness of the evil that he does. Perhaps in an unguarded moment he takes from you something that belongs to you. You do not injure society by exercising mercy toward that boy. How often is it the case that your judicious act of mercy, tempered by justice, has been the means of saving that boy from open exposure, from public punishment; how often it is the salvation of that boy! Do you suppose that it is justice in that case that the penalty of the law shall brand him—that he shall be marked as a criminal, that he shall be self-degraded?

This is an instance which men of business will tell me often occurs, and can there be any doubt as to what justice is in that case? So I say, when a man's reputation lies at our mercy, we are bound to make all the allowance we can for his action. If he does a foolish thing, let us be disposed, as far as possible, to make allowance, to think what may have been the peculiar circumstances under which he did it. We are all called upon to exercise this prerogative of mercy. Not only in helping the poor and needy, but in innumerable forms come the opportunities for the exercise of this quality. Although "mightiest in the mightiest," it is glorious in the weakest; it is a crown of glory in the most obscure. What if all men bound their fellows literally—made them live up to the mark in everything—what kind of a world should we have, if we had a society that was not tempered with mercy, with a spirit of forgiveness? What a terrible, what a Christless state of society that would be!

Now, you perceive that to the exercise of this quality something is necessary; a broad, genial sympathy is required; we must enter into a conception of their weakness; we must transfer their situation to ourselves; we must make their consciousness our own consciousness; nay, we have only to interpret their weakness by our own, for humanity is so constituted that the basest criminal represents you and me, as well as the most glorious saint that walks on high. We are reflected in all other men; all other men are embodied in us, and we have only to keep this fresh, living sympathy in active operation.

In one word, at the root of the whole is love; because by love only can we sympathize with anything. Just in proportion as you love anything, just in that proportion you sympathize with it. If it is repulsive to you, it pushes you from it; you cannot enter into any sympathy with it, because you do not love it. Therefore, as we love all men, so we can sympathize with all men; and as we sympathize with all men, so we are prepared to exercise in all cases this quality of mercy.

Such is mercifulness, and such, as indicated, are some of the occasions for mercifulness.

But still farther under this head, I ask you just to consider how qualified to speak of it was He who pronounced this benediction. He was the very embodiment of mercy, the clearest expression the world ever saw of divine and universal sympathy.

I think with what incongruities of men this beautiful beatitude has been mingled, with what formalities of worship its life has been smothered, from what lips of pompous pride it has died away into an unmeaning sound, how it has been profanely associated with the most stubborn hatreds and the most cruel acts. I think how terribly true it is that—

"Where He hath spoken liberty, the Priest
At His own altar binds the chain anew;
Where He hath bidden to life's equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few;
Where He hath spoken peace, His name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending men.
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest;
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign."

I think, my hearers, of all these Christian incongruities, and then I think how much this beatitude implies, coming from His mouth whose

life was a perfect translation of its meaning. O the mercifulness of Jesus Christ! There is a topic never to be exhausted—the mercifulness of the doctrines which he taught, of the acts which he performed!

Mercy, that is the Gospel! There are great truths gloriously beaming around the horizon of that revelation forever; mighty sanctions are there to inspire us, and to lift us up; but the essence of the Gospel is its mercy. It is a revelation of the Gospel's love and power unto man, the brightest light in the darkest spot, the greatest condescension in the lowest estate; the holiest brought to the basest; the all pure to the deeply sinful.

Look especially at the Gospel of St. Luke; see how full it is, how it overflows with that characteristic of mercy, a Gospel not preached to the rich, but to the degraded, to the cast off, to the alien; think of all the glorious passages in that Gospel that are burning in our memory. In it we have the evidences of the love of Jesus Christ ranged like pictures in a gallery. There is the penitent woman, the publican who said, God be merciful to me a sinner! There are the lost sheep, the prodigal son, Zaccheus, the healing of Jairus' daughter, and the good Samaritan. There are the tears of Jesus falling fast over doomed Jerusalem; there is the echo of that divine expiring prayer: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

O, my hearers, that is Jesus Christ, that is the glory of Jesus Christ—those instances of mercifulness. We feel the beauty of the text when we look at this; we can see what it meant only when we are confident that there is in it an incomprehensible, vast love that human nature has not yet reached, certainly that human action has not yet realized, a vast compassion that transfixed us with wonder, gratitude and praise. Indeed was Christ qualified to say, "Blessed are the merciful."

But in the next place, let us consider what the beatitude is. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." See how inevitably true this is, even in our relations to our fellow man, how it comes not as an arbitrary sanction, but reacts as a law, a necessary condition of things. I need not spend time in illustrating the common-place proposition that "Like begets like," that what we call the world is generally a reflex of ourselves; that if you find a man always complaining that the world is cold, you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, that he is himself probably a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it; that if you find a man saying that the world is all base and hollow, tap him and you will find that he will himself ring hollow.

And the merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind word for others, who has rendered his help when he could to others; depend upon it, when he himself is brought into a strait, he will find the mercy which he had bestowed, flow back upon him in a full, spontaneous stream; he will make the world merciful by his mercy, and so fulfill the law set forth in the text. Then, again this law is exhibited in our relations to God. God has declared it; all over the Bible he says that the merciful shall obtain mercy. In the Old Testament and the New, in the Psalms and in the Gospels, you find the same law. "With the merciful," says David, "thou wilt show thyself merciful." And Jesus Christ in that 25th chapter of Matthew, in the perpetual sanctions of his kingdom, says to those who gave to the hungry, who gave to the sick, and to them that were in prison, "Come ye blessed."

And this is no arbitrary law. He has established it as a law, just as He has ordained the law of the motion of the planets, just as He has ordained the law of the movement of the tides. So has He ordained it as a law that in our relations to Him we shall obtain mercy if we are merciful.

We can not claim it as of merit. The Bishop who lately died in a neighboring State, said in his last breath: "I have no merits, and no man has." It was a true word—that of the dying brother. No man has merits by which he will be enabled to go up to God Almighty and say, "You owe me so much." All he can claim of God Almighty is just this thing: Mercy, mercy, O God, because we need it!

But surely the merciful man can come with more confidence than the unmerciful man. He can say: "O God, grant me mercy! I make it no merit, but still I have endeavored according to the light I have had, and the ability which has been granted unto me, to act kindly and to show mercy to others." I think such a man can throw himself with more confidence upon the Divine mercy than the man who has interpreted men's motives most meanly, who has denied them sympathy, and who has lived cruelly and coldly; I think such a man can not come with so much confidence to the mercy of God, who has written all over the Bible and all over the spiritual laws of man, that the merciful shall of Him obtain mercy, as well as of their fellow-men.

Let me, however, observe still further that in considering the blessedness of being merciful, we must estimate the blessedness of the merciful spirit in itself. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain in themselves the spirit of mercy." Surely this is not an overstrained rendering of the beatitude. The blessedness of exercising faith is having faith; the blessedness of doing good is being good; the blessedness of being merciful is in possessing the merciful spirit. Do you want more than that? Suppose a man does not give you mercy; suppose that in your strait men are harsh, cold and uncharitable; no matter, you have the blessing of being merciful in the very possession

of the spirit itself. Mercy in its own delightful work and nature, is the highest known method of happiness. I repeat it, mercy in its own delightful work and nature is the highest known method of happiness.

We can not of course attribute changeable emotions to the Infinite Maker; we are lost on the great sea of boundless being when we come to talk about God. We can not say that anything makes Him glad or solemn; but if we might adapt His nature at all to our poor human conceptions, we should feel that even waves of gladness must go over the infinite sea of God's nature at the exercise of mercy, and that even He feels something of that joy which runs through all Heaven at the exercise and exhibition of mercy.

We know at least it was the joy of Jesus Christ; that far down beneath all his sorrow he felt a deep, full joy in going about and doing good. O, we think of the sorrow of Christ; we think of the thorn-crowned sufferer; we think of the poor weary traveler at Jacob's well; we think of the agonizing prayer in the garden of Gethsemane; we think of the buffetings and the revilings; we think of the crucifixion; and it is well to think of these. But do we ever think of the joy of Jesus Christ? That under all this sorrow welled a fountain of perennial bliss, so deep and placid, that He could say at last unto His disciples, "My peace I give unto you," a peace which the world can not give or take away. Whence must it have come? In a great degree from the fact that he was rendering good to others. Whenever he laid hand on the leper, and he became clean; whenever he touched the eyes of a blind man, and the darkened lids opened to the light; whenever he spoke to a poor dumb one, and he burst out in thanksgiving; whenever he saw a poor old mother clasp her restored son, gladness came over his heart; then there was joy in Christ!

At least for man there is no higher known method of happiness. The sources of human pleasure, perhaps, may be distributed into three classes. There is a low, base source of pleasure, the very lowest and basest of all; it may be called a fiendish delight, the joy that comes from cruelty, from torture. It is a sad fact that there are men who seem to draw a malicious relish out of the sufferings which they inflict. It was said of a bad, brave man, Benedict Arnold, that when he was a young man in an apothecary's store in Connecticut, he used to stand in his door and delight in seeing the boys walk barefoot over the broken glass scattered among the stones, and getting their feet cut. Is not this an index to his character? Is it not a clue also to his treachery and meanness, to his baseness and cruelty. So you can interpret the future man in the boy who delights in torture.

Mercy, moreover, is something that goes forth, not merely to humanity, but also to the poor animal which toils for us. Men have transformed into a universal maxim the saying that "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." So he is. The merciful man is merciful to the poor dumb creature that cannot complain. How much unmercifulness is there even in your sport; in that which you call mere pleasure; in the delight in exercising to the utmost tension the speed of the horse. The cruelty may be unconscious on your part, but how much cruelty is there! And while I would have no morbid sentiment in this matter, still let us beware, even here, how we wantonly abuse or sacrifice animal life in any respect. Life is sacred everywhere. It is a mystery, whether throbbing in the insect, beating in the pulses of the sparrow, or even crawling in that uncouth shape at your feet. I dare not wantonly take such a life which I can not give, and I can not give anything of that kind to the creature of the day. It is wrong. If my safety is not compromised, and if my need does not demand it, I have no right to take away even the coarsest animal life; and I say that the pleasure which comes from that kind of cruelty is the lowest and basest of pleasures; it is a fiendish pleasure.

Then there is a pleasure that may be called self-gratification—the gratification of our tastes, our appetites, and our individual peculiarities. To a certain limit this is lawful and commendable; but certainly the man who lives merely in this; who lives merely for the purpose of pumping gratification out of all the world into himself, and appropriating God Almighty's benefits without regard to others; he is the meanest creature in the world—nothing but a sponge with brains, soaking in everything and letting out nothing.

But there is still another condition of happiness for man, the highest, which is ministration to others. In the very exercise of this quality of mercy, there is not only the source of good to others, but the highest delight to ourselves; for we must remember that Christ did not teach an extreme doctrine of self-abnegation. By no means; he makes his highest laws, his most powerful propositions, to apply to self. "Love thy neighbor," he said, not better than thyself, but "as thyself." He did not abnegate self; he gave self as the rule by which we should love others. He did not say, Blessed are they who hunger and thirst, because they shall hunger and thirst, but he said, "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst, for they shall be filled." He did not say, Blessed are the persecuted, for they shall be persecuted, but because their reward is exceeding great. Christ did not do like a great many ascetics, make pain in itself sacred; sacrifice in itself sacred; he made pain to be held secondary to a great good. Welcome, pain, was his teaching, if it may serve the right by it; welcome sacrifice, if it may serve humanity by it; but the pain itself, the sacrifice itself, were not worth anything.

So blessed are the merciful, for the exercise of mercy is the highest delight for ourselves; it is the highest method of happiness.

And love; the most consummate expression of love is mercy. If a man loves all other men, how does he show it best? By ministering unto them. How does the mother's love show itself? Blessed, sacred relation! that stands the nearest symbolism of God's mercy—the relation that the mother bears to her child. It is a constant blessing which flows over our lives, and is still strong even when we become gray, and the dust of the grave begins to settle upon us. Whence comes this? How comes it? In the long years of weakness and pain love had its holiest expression. God's love is active mercy, that is all we know of it; and it is the glory of God's love. I say, then, the highest pleasure is the possession of the merciful spirit itself; and if we can obtain nothing else, we can obtain that—the blessedness of the merciful spirit.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." As I repeat, in closing these gentle words, I cannot help reflecting yet again upon the key-note of sentiment which He struck in these wonderful beatitudes, upon the springs of being which he touched as the sources of true glory and real power. O, down below all the crust of human conceptions, of human ideas, He sank an artesian well into a source of happiness so pure and blessed that even yet the world does not believe in it. Only think of it! His words were directly opposite to the spirit of all around Him. There were the Jews expecting a Messiah, and not knowing that He was the true Messiah; they expected to hear from their Messiah burning words against the Roman oppressor, summoning them to gratify Jewish hatred and revenge.

But what were the words of Christ? To your tents, O Israel? Unsheathe the sword? No; nothing of this kind. They were, "Blessed are the merciful." Is there not something wonderful in the very contrast of the spirit of Christ with the spirit and tone of those around Him? Do you think an impostor would have uttered such words as these?

And how is it now? These words, much as they are commended and glorified, are opposed to the conceptions, to the spirit, to the actions of the world at large, His gentle beatitudes are so deep down, so noiseless, so far away from the objects of human ambition, and the rushing tides of action in the world's movement!

And when I see what it is which the world grasps at as its ideals of glory, I ask—Was he mistaken? Was this a teaching too lofty, too divine for this world; perhaps never meant for this world, but only as a bright ideal of another hanging before our mortal pilgrimage, leading us up, drawing us on, but never intended to be realized here? Is that the meaning of the Beatitudes? Or do they now, for this world, and for every other, unfold true glory and real power? It is a great question to ask.

O, what a contrast! For 1,800 years this beatitude has been proclaimed, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And what is the state of the world even now? No doubt, to some extent—even to a great extent—the sentiment of mercy has leavened the world. But, O, how far has that spirit extended when compared with its opposite?

We say that science has been carrying out the benevolence, the gentle loveliness of Christ's teachings. So it has, no doubt; it has helped to make men more merciful; it has helped to weld nations together, and to bring men into one accord. But what else? Some of the greatest achievements of science have been in making new and more terrible weapons of destruction. Men kill one another now by chemistry and mathematics; men kill one another now with deadly weapons, to which science has lent all its strength and resources.

No doubt society has felt the influence of the beatitudes of Jesus Christ. We shall see an exhibition of it this week. These anniversaries are, no doubt, a result of the beatitudes—celebrations of Christ's mercy, each in a different way; some in a very narrow, strait-laced way: still, they are all based on the idea of mercy.

But, my friends, how far has this influence gone? What may be taking place in Europe this very day? Its fields may be bristling with a harvest of bayonets; the rumble of cannon may be shaking all the land from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; the cry of war may be going up under all that sky which spans the proudest domes of Christendom. Hosts may be marching under Cathedral crosses, and war may be pouring its terrible devastations through those humble hamlets whose best possession had been the faith that sent up the morning and evening prayer.

O Piedmont! O Lombardy! O magnificent theater of Nature, crowned by God's sublime Alps! Even to day the Ticino may be red with blood, and the Po be choked with slaughter. The clouds of war are hanging upon the ridges of the Alps, sheathing the lightning that is to be launched upon the fertile plains of Lombardy, and darkening with their terrible shadows her beautiful lakes.

And why? Because men do not believe that it is blessed to be merciful; because despots dare take the earth as a gaming board, and men as counters, to play their selfish game in the face of God Almighty, and the teachings of Christ Jesus.

How far is this beatitude believed? Is there any power in it

any glory? Yes, the power of God Almighty, the power of Jesus Christ, is in the power of mercy. Bayonets, cannon, human implements of war, are weak before that power in the end.

Power! Where is it? Not in armed men, not in governmental facilities, not in fortifications, not in engines of murder. But I will tell you where there is power. Where the dew lies upon the hills, and the rain has moistened the roots of the grass; where the sunshine pours steadily; where the brook runs babbling along; there is a beneficent power!

Mightier than the hosts of armed men are green blades, rising up in serried ranks, furrow after furrow, making ready for the harvest. For what would be human power without God's daily bread? What would be the implements of war if the earth should withhold its resources?

Ah, we depend on God's mercy after all, and that is to us more than everything else. They must go down, the fearful symbols of man's passion and guilt, before the meek beauty of that power which was in Jesus Christ. That is true glory, and men recognize it. We enshrine in grateful memory, not the warrior, not the soldier—though often we think too much of him—not the blood-dripping soldier, but the benefactor; above all, we place Christ, as a manifestation of the glory of mercy.

O, man, there is power, there is glory in the meek, quiet beatitude, although the world does not notice it. Wherever you manifest it in your daily walk, wherever you cherish this spirit of mercy, you will have Christ's power and glory. And remember, here and everywhere, that at God's right hand, when scepters have been broken, when the warrior's garments rolled in blood shall have been cast away, when the symbols of this earth's glory and power are dimmed—remember, even at the right hand of God, this is power, this is glory, enduring and divine; for "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dodworth's next Sunday.

Mrs. Spence will lecture at Dodworth's Academy next Sunday, morning and evening.

Lamartine Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 29th-street.

Regular meetings every Sunday. Morning, preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones; afternoon, conference or lecture; evening, circle for trance speakers.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton

Will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Baltimore, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, box 944, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Hayden, clairvoyant and test medium, is at Munson's, 5 Great Jones-street, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., to give opportunity to those who wish to investigate.

Mrs. Hatch continues her lectures at Clinton Hall Wednesday evenings, and at the Melodeon, Brooklyn, Sundays at three o'clock. Her audiences are large, and are always edified.

Prof. Payton Spence and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lectures, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York city, care of G. W. Westbrook.

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We have commenced the regular publication of the yearly series of Discourses by these eloquent and progressive representatives of the Church, who are generally regarded as the most revolutionary, spirit-stirring and popular speakers in our country.

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We suggest to the admirers of these men, or of their Discourses, that they take early measures to secure the present entire volume of this paper, and thus secure, in convenient form for binding, the Sermons of these eminent preachers, during the year. We further suggest to the friends of moral, mental, and spiritual culture, living in remote sections of our country, or isolated sections of the world, to institute meetings on Sundays, and read these Sermons, and such other articles published in this paper as may be deemed advisable; and thus let Beecher and Chapin preach every Sunday, in every town and village, and by every fireside throughout the land.

TO THE PRESS, POSTMASTERS, CLERGY AND PATRONS.—To our contemporaries of the Press, to postmasters, the clergy, and our patrons and friends everywhere, we respectfully appeal for help in making the publication of these Sermons known to the people.

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CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Editor and Proprietor.

Publishing Office of the Telegraph and Preacher, 428 Broadway.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

Our cotemporaries of the Press who would like to have this paper sent to them, are reminded that the special themes to which these columns are chiefly devoted, are such as to render secular papers of little value to us. Nevertheless we shall be happy to send this paper to all journals which come to us with an occasional notice or extract, marked.

This paper is hospitable to every earnest thought, respectfully expressed, but is responsible for none except those of its editor.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

We go to press on Tuesday, and hence in the midst of the anniversaries. It is an old custom for the religious, reformatory, and charitable associations to meet in spring-time, to confer respecting the dead past and the living future. We count sixty-four advertisements of meetings of different associations, to be held in this city during the present week. We have made arrangements to spend nearly all the week in attendance on these several meetings, with the hope of gathering up some good which shall inspire our efforts to greater usefulness. We intend to make brief reports, in our next issue, of as many of these meetings as we can, and we shall do this fairly, and without respect to persons or associations, or our agreement or disagreement with these efforts. We are determined to treat every earnest thought and effort with respect and toleration, and trust our patrons will be patient and tolerant toward us and this organ of the *pro* and *con*. to earnest thought.

A great many of the leading minds of our country will attend these anniversaries, and much money will be expended on the various enterprises, and we have a right to expect they will show that a great deal of good work has been done for humanity, and that they will evolve new and diviner inspirations for the future. We do not see how the week can pass, and these anniversaries be held, without modern Spiritualism bursting out in their midst, and enjoying a share of their thought and conversation; but if in this we are mistaken, we know that the straining to suppress this pent-up thought will work a more interior and thorough revolution in their conduct and speech, to be hereafter made manifest. The deadness and discouragements of these associations, which are consequent simply on their want of spiritual manifestations, and the inflowing of life to them by that means, tends to turn their attention to this living power. The chief stumbling-blocks in the way of making this power available to these associations, are *positions* and *pride of opinion*. "Can any good come from outside of our church or organization?" This is a question as significantly and exultingly asked to-day as it ever was.

There are but few men, comparatively, in lucrative positions, who will hazard them by the recognition of a newly unfolded truth. Organizations for religious or mental culture will, and must, have written or understood creeds, which creeds limit mind and effort. Any member of such organization, who thinks and utters to-day sentiments which transcend the creed of yesterday, is considered a heretic, and also he who gives true interpretations to new facts, howsoever divine they may be, is considered an outlaw, and thus his usefulness is obstructed. Hence we say this creed-bound condition must be broken up, that pent-up virtues and thoughts may express themselves for the instruction and admonition of mankind.

We agree with the central truth elaborated in Mr. Beecher's sermon, published in our last issue, *that people should be helped to express themselves*. But how can a man express himself when he is hampered by a creed, or dependent on a salary paid him to advocate a specified idea or doctrine—a sectarian view of the Bible and of God? A creed is like a stone placed over a mustard seed in the earth. There is life and power in the seed to grow and become a tree for birds to rest upon, but the stone binds its power in the earth; or if it grows round the stone, it is chafed and dwarfed thereby; 'tis not

perfect; and instead of supporting birds, it needs to be supported; and this is a fair illustration of the condition of most of our religious teachers. Nevertheless human nature is not to be crushed by the stone on its head, (the creed.) The time is at hand when success will be to those who burst the bonds, and roll the stone from the door of their sepulcher, and come forth resplendent in earnestness for truth and righteousness; and these men are now led on by the Chapins and Beechers of our day, who burst sectarian bonds, and lead the church-bound Christian to mental freedom.

NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM.

The seventh annual report of this institution is before us. The objects of its establishment, as stated in its charter, are as follows:

"The objects of this corporation are to receive and take charge of such children, between the ages of five and fourteen years, as may be voluntarily entrusted to them by their parents or guardians, or committed to their charge by competent authority, and provide for their support; and to afford them the means of moral, intellectual, and industrial education."

In a city like New York, there are thousands of children who have no proper parental care. The parents of these are extremely poor, which compels them to work so constantly for the bread of life, that the habits, and the moral, intellectual, and industrial trainings of their children are entirely neglected, and they soon pass beyond the control of their parents, and become confirmed in ignorance, indolence, and in vicious habits. These children become parents, and, in their turn, raise up children who are in worse conditions than they were. Instead of having simply poor parents, they have poor, vicious, and intemperate ones. Many of these children, from three years of age and upward, are driven out by their parents to beg and steal, and are commanded to do this whenever possible, and are whipped if they return home at night without a required amount. It is by no means uncommon to see in the evening these little creatures crying in our streets. If asked what they are crying for, they reply they dare not go home, for they have not got money enough to save them a whipping. Go home with these little immortals, and there we find their parents in dirt and rags, intoxicated, and waiting for their child to bring them the means of getting more liquor; and the little spotless child sinks down to sleep beside these dirty, quarrelsome, besotted parents.

This institution was established for the purpose of taking these neglected children to discipline, educate, and bind out to good homes. It differs from most other institutions in this, that it does not wait until a child has committed the overt act, and become a criminal, but it takes them while on their way to this point—while innocent but neglected. The New York Juvenile Asylum is not an institution for criminals, but a humanitarian institution, and it differs in other respects from many institutions or efforts which, on their surface, are supposed to be similar. This Asylum does not bind out its children until they are cleansed and cured of diseases, and are properly disciplined, and their vicious course of life turned into intellectual and industrial channels; and thus the public abroad are protected against the bad influences of their early lives.

The main building of this institution is on 176th-street, near the High Bridge. It is two hundred feet by about forty feet, with a rear of eighty feet, built of stone, with about twenty acres of ground belonging to the same. The building and ground cost about \$140,000. During the last year the association has built a House of Reception, No. 71 West Thirteenth-street, seventy-five feet on the street, with the center portion extending to the rear of the lot, one hundred and three feet. This building cost about \$40,000. One-half of the means for erecting these buildings was raised by voluntary subscriptions, and the other half by grants from the city. Efforts are now being made to raise \$40,000 to pay off its indebtedness.

This institution has received four thousand eight hundred and ninety-three children, most of whom are now enjoying good homes in the West. With the children and with their guardians a correspondence is held as often, at least, as every six months, and by this means, and by sending out agents to visit them, the Board of Directors continue a parental watchfulness over them during their years of minority.

There are two reasons why it is thought best to bind out these children at the West, rather than near home. One is,

to separate them from their associates and haunts of vice, and another is, to separate them from the degrading influences, in many instances, of their parents. Many of these people, called parents, do not seem to care anything about their children after they are once separated from them. This we say of the besotted class of parents, but we by no means say that the parents of many of these children are not respectable, moral, and industrial. In most cases they are so.

This institution changes the career of these young children from vicious to moral and industrial channels, and there is no estimating its benefits that flow from it to the future generations of the same families.

If any of our patrons wish to strengthen the hearts and hands, and to enlarge the sphere of usefulness, of those laboring gratuitously in this humanitarian cause, by contributions, we shall be happy to be instrumental in conveying to its treasury any amount they may contribute.

THE CHILDREN OF GOTHAM ARE GREAT.

Last Friday evening we attended an exhibition of the Female Ward School, No. 47, situated in Twelfth street, near Broadway. The exhibition took place in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, which was filled to its utmost capacity, chiefly with these pupils and the younger portion of our community. We never beheld so glorious a sight, or were thrilled with such promising indications of a glorious future. Little girls stood before that immense audience to sing and to speak, which they did with all the distinctness, composure, and apparent skill, of our drilled men of forty. The rapid strides human nature is making are surprising. In intellectual culture each succeeding generation seems to begin at the mental zenith of the preceding one. It is easy, comparatively, to ask questions, but if the children were allowed to ask of their questioners as many questions as they ask of them, we should see a great deal of pretentious wisdom confounded.

It seems that in our school regulations no provision or authority is given to furnish a piano for the primary department, and these little creatures wanted one, (which is tantamount to having it,) and the idea of this exhibition was conceived as the means of obtaining funds to purchase one. Tickets were struck off and given to these children to sell at twenty-five cents each, and we presume there is no parent, or any other man or woman, with a heart in them, within a mile of this school, that have not had *quarters* drawn from their pockets by this all-powerful magnet. About six hundred dollars were collected, and, of course, our children have a piano.

The exercises were conducted by the Commissioners, Inspectors, and Trustees of the school.

Cura'ive Skill of Indians.
It has long been felt by our people that our brethren of the forest possessed valuable information respecting the diseases to which mankind are subject, and their treatment and cure, but no systematic plans have been adopted, to our knowledge, to obtain from them this information, and make it available to the white man. Whether our people and government have been brought to their senses, and to make an effort to acquire the knowledge and skill of the Indians in curing diseases, by their growing physical corruptions, or whether they intend soon to exterminate the remnant of these people, and feel that it will require the addition of the red man's skill to heal their diseases, we are not apprised; but we hope the information sought will be acquired, and that all will tend to beget a greater respect for our Indian brethren, and a more just protection of their interests.

At the suggestion of the American Pharmaceutical Association, the Secretary of the Interior has directed the following circular to be forwarded to the Indian agents in the employ of the government:

Sir: You are requested, so soon as practicable, to reply to the following inquires, to be used in preparing a report from this office to the American Pharmaceutical Association, viz.:

1. What medical plants are used by the different Indian tribes in the vicinity of your agency?
2. The medical virtues ascribed by the Indians to them, whether emetic, cathartic, diuretic, diaphoretic, expectorant, anthelmintic, stimulant, narcotic, tonic, astringent, or anti-spasmodic; the diseases said to be cured or alleviated by the respective plants?
3. In what latitude are they to be found?
4. In what quantities can they be obtained?
5. How near to navigable streams can they be gathered?
6. What facilities can be had for sending them to market?

This information is to be forwarded to the Indian Bureau.

SHAVING.

There are different views entertained respecting the cutting of the beard. Some hold that it tends to weaken the eyes, and others the senses, and others the health. Some men dislike to have their beard round their mouth; others seem to like it in their mouth all the time. Some persons maintain that because the beard grows naturally, it should not be cut; and others maintain the same theory respecting the nails on the fingers and toes; while others, holding to the same theory, say dirt is natural, and they also seem to consider it a sin to wash.

We confess that shaving the beard is troublesome, and sometimes painful; but this is true of almost every human performance that is a source of enjoyment. It is troublesome to make clothes and to wear them; it is troublesome to have a family, and to take care of children, but there is a comfort in it; and, finally, our greatest comforts seem to be our greatest troubles; and thus through effort and tribulation humanity grows.

We confess we like to see a man's face shaved, at least round his mouth, and kept clean and clear of his beard and of tobacco. But we disapprove of going to public shaving-shops to get shaved. We recommend that every man should do his own shaving. It is a dangerous practice for men to come in so close contact as they do in the shaving-boxes in barbers' shops. "O," say they, "my barber does not touch my brush to another man's face." But let a stranger go in to be shaved after that operation has been performed upon the regular customers, and the latter have gone to their business, and he will see the barber take down the handiest cup, brush, and razor, and use it. If the stranger complains that the razor does not cut well, the barber turns and takes the next man's, and so on. There is no security in this matter. But suppose the barber is particular, and does not use the cup, brush, or razor, to shave others, he still uses the same fingers, which is tantamount to using the same brush. Men frequently become inoculated with diseases in the barber's shop. We close these remarks, which to some may seem to be on a trifling subject, but which we esteem to be of considerable importance, with the following paragraph from the *Troy Times*:

"On Tuesday of last week, a gentleman named Augustus Bedford, belonging in New York, and who was in this city on business, got shaved at one of our barber shops. On returning from it to the store of a friend with whom he was visiting, he remarked that he believed the barber had given him some disease, as a small pimple on his lip pained him very badly, and commenced swelling after he was shaved, presenting an angry and inflamed appearance. During the day this soreness grew worse, and he suffered so much from it that he decided to return home, which he did on Wednesday night. His condition rapidly became more distressing—the pain extended through the body and to the vitals—and finally, on Sunday morning, after suffering untold agony, he died. The deceased, as long as he remained sensible, attributed his sufferings to the inoculation of the pimple upon his lip with poison from the barber's razor."

Unitary Home.

We were politely shown a portion of this economical and growing establishment by the projector and conductor of it, Mr. Underhill, on the evening of April 30. The Home is situated on Fourteenth-street, between Third and Fourth Avenues. Several houses have been connected by passage ways, made through the walls from house to house. The main entrance is in the center house, and the principal parlor is on the second floor of this house; the dining room is on the first floor of this and adjoining houses, and is furnished with round and long tables of different sizes, to accommodate from two persons and upwards, (such as several families may sit at,) so that families may dine together, or several families may combine, as they choose. Each person is served with plates of whatever they call for, at the cost price. The rents of apartments are allotted out in the same way, at estimated cost, which makes it a very economical mode of living. We were there in the evening. The establishment was brilliantly lighted, and a piano and dancing were going in the parlor, which gave it a very cheerful appearance. The bill of fare for dinner that day was as follows:

UNITARY HOME.—BILL OF FARE, April 30, 1859.

Soup—vegetable, 2 cts.; Roast—lamb, 4 cts.; Corned Meats—corned beef, 4 cts.; Vegetables—mashed potatoes, 2 cts.; boiled potatoes, 1 c.; stewed tomatoes, 2 cts.; samp, 1 c.; green peas, 4 cts.; Miscellaneous—bread, rolls, Graham bread, butter, crackers, 1 c. each; tea, coffee, Cocoa, milk, 2 cts. each; Dessert—pie, bread pudding, oranges, stewed peaches, stewed prunes, 3 c. each; currant jelly, 4 c.; almonds, 2; Entremets, à la mode beef, 4 c.; pigs' feet, 4 c. each.

Valedictory of Rev. T. L. Harris.

Rev. T. L. Harris delivered his valedictory discourses at the University Chapel, on Sunday evening, May 1, which discourse was at the same time appropriate to the installation of his successor, Rev. M. C. C. Church. The chapel was densely crowded on the occasion, and Mr. H. spoke for about an hour with the most stirring eloquence. His main theme was the appropriate work of the inspired, divinely directed Gospel minister, and the results to the world of his diligent and self-sacrificing labors. A profound impression seemed to be made by this discourse, and the auditors lingered long after the services that they might individually exchange some parting words of affection with their pastor. Mr. H.'s people were much attached to him, and were only reconciled to his departure by the persuasion that his labors are more needed in another portion of the world, and by the prospect of his return to them at some future day. He sailed for England in the Cunard steamer *Jura*, on Thursday, the 5th inst., and expects, on his arrival, to preach two Sundays in London, and then retire to some secluded place in the country to recruit his physical and mental system for future action. Mr. Church, the successor of Mr. H., entered upon his labors last Sunday.

Labor Strikes.

We never have very heartily approved of the banding together of laborers of different trades for the purpose of securing a required remuneration for their services, and chiefly because in so doing they do not strike at the root of the evil. They only palliate their condition for the time being, and the next six months finds them in the same destitute circumstances.

We do not see much use in trying to regulate the price of labor, so long as it is legal and respectable to pirate on the representatives of labor. If a dollar fairly represents my services for a day, we do not believe our neighbor's services are fairly represented by as many dollar bills as he can sign and pass into market. We must estimate him as a pirate on our industry. The time must come (and this is the strike we want to see) when every laborer will consider that the bits of paper which pass for money as the representatives of labor, are so many frauds upon him, and will spurn them as so many insults.

When laborers will deem it an insult to be offered these false representatives of industry—paper-money—we shall think the dawn of their deliverance from destitution is appearing. The following table of prices, for the time being, has been established through strikes:

Trade.	Present Pay.	Increase Demand.
Pianoforte makers	\$10 to \$16 per week.	10 to 25 per cent.
Carvers	\$1 50 to \$2 per day.	25 per cent.
Bergen tunnelers	85 cents per day.	\$1 per day.
Miners	\$1 00	\$1 10 to \$1 25.
Gilders	\$1 50	\$2 00.
Painters	\$1 75	\$2 00.
Carpenters	\$1 63 and \$1 75.	\$1 88 to \$2 00.
Bricklayers	\$2 00	\$2 50.
Ship Joiners	75 to 80 cents per day	10 to 25 per cent.
Carpet Weavers	\$1 per doz. and less.	25 per cent.
Capmakers	\$1 63	\$1 75.
Capmakers	Over \$1 per dozen.	12 per cent.
Sailors	20 per cent.
Varnishers and Polish's	25 per cent.
Laborers	\$1 00	\$1 25.
Tin Roofers	\$1 00 to \$1 75	\$2 00.
Waiters	25 per cent.

The tin roofers have not struck yet, as they are awaiting the action of a committee appointed to wait on the employers.

The laborers have notified the bosses that they will not work for less than the rate demanded.

The varnishers and polishers have not agreed upon a strike, but are organizing a society.

The workers on the Bergen Tunnel have obtained an increase: the head miners get \$1 25, the drillers \$1 12, and the laborers \$1 per diem.

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S DISCOURSE.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1859.

CHAS. PARTRIDGE, Esq.: At the request of a friend I went to Rev. Mr. Frothingham's services, corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street. On my way I imagined he would expatiate on charity and the sums that are, or ought to be, spent for educational, missionary, and charitable purposes, or on the finances of the congregation.

I knew from the man's antecedents that he would not extoll the myriads of blessings that humanity derived from the Bible; for it was he who in one of his first sermons told his congregation that he would not entertain them with the myths of the Old Testament, for which he was severely censured in that most liberal weekly, called the *Christian Inquirer*. I rather admired this boldness, for I always said the Old Testament

was excellent to make Jews, but very poor to make Christians. Yet, go even into our Unitarian churches, and you will hear most of the reading from the Old Testament, especially from those rhapsodies called Psalms; and if now and then they chance to read from the New Testament, it is either "the Prodigal Son," "the one talent," or some other financial topic connected with the handing round of the saucer for some begging concern that is to popularize the minister, and give a coloring of liberality to the sect. Now, all these morbid attempts at notoriety are a libel upon Jesus of Nazareth.

Then I thought he would stamp it on slavery, free-soil, capital punishment, or temperance; if not, he would certainly enlarge upon that stolid, calculating, Unitarian rationalism which exhorts man to be virtuous, not because of fear, but because it is profitable, and, after all, the best policy. When a man has listened to all this, he is ready to lay his hand on his heart and exclaim, How cold it is here!

Again, I fancied he might denounce Romanism, or at least exalt the Anglo-Saxon race and the Pilgrim Fathers, the usual hobby of Harvard graduates, who know little or nothing of general history. In fact, I was sure that one or more of these topics would be the dish for the day, because our clergy have an idea that simple, unadulterated goodness is nothing, unless it be well spiced with some one or more of these ingredients.

But I was most agreeably disappointed. The services consisted of hymns, sung by all, a prayer of seven minutes, and a sermon such as I have rarely heard. Without any attempt at rhetoric, logic, or theology, the preacher was impressive, cogent, and strictly Christian. His text was, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." He graphically illustrated the three stages of religious development, *fear*, *wisdom*, and *love*, and assigned to each its appropriate place. He showed how, at one period of the world, men looked slavishly upon God as a mere taskmaster; how, at another, they reasoned themselves into a cold, transcendental rationalism; and how we realize the insufficiency of both, and long for a more spiritual religion, that could address both reason and heart—a religion that could make us serve God, not because he can bless or curse, punish or reward, but because he is supremely good and perfect. In the course of this charming discourse occurred expressions like these: "At one time a man may be a worshiper of a blind fatality; at another, of an image; at another, of an inexorable justice, because each Spirit, as he takes hold of him, leaves his report."

Previous to this most comprehensive sermon, he read that remarkable chapter wherein John cautions the Christians of his day against the tendency of the new Platonist Fathers, who began to advocate the apotheosis of Christ, which was proclaimed A. D. 325 at the Council of Nice, in spite of the opposition of the Gnostic Fathers, who had defeated it until Constantine sided with the God makers. Thus the gentle Nazarene was turned into a God, and humanity was thenceforth deprived of its sublime exemplar; for if Christ was God, it is impossible for man to follow his example.

Now let any man consider the spirit of this sermon, and read Chapter iv. of John's First Epistle, and he will come to the conclusion that Mr. Frothingham is not only a Spiritualist, but an earnest thinker, who speaks without fear or favor.

His subject this evening will be "Spiritual Christianity." I shall go and hear him, for it is really refreshing to listen to a man who dares drop that politico-religious twaddle, and proclaim Spiritual Christianity independent of ceremony, sacrament, or Sabbath. We talk of slavery, crime, and rascality for six days in the week; for heaven's sake let us have something else on the seventh. We can hardly open a paper without reading of Mr. A.'s zeal for the orphans and friendless, or Mrs. B.'s charities to the poor. Please save us of the like on Sunday; for all this smells of the Pharisees and Scribes of old, and is a direct violation of Christ's emphatic command: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." I hope the Spiritualists of this city will cluster round this fearless preacher, and encourage the bold thinker.

Respectfully,

J. A. WEISSE.

We are requested to state that the scenery of the "Spirit World," painted by Rogers when entranced, is for sale. Address Ball Newkirk, Laporte, Indiana.

SERMON,

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1859.

Reported Exclusively for this Paper.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul, having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; as free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God." 1 PETER, 2d chap., 11th and 16th verses.

This passage shows the large-mindedness which the apostle puts into the conduct of human affairs. When a Christian man, inspired of God, looked upon the ordinary processes of human life, which stand to our apprehension so often made vulgar by pride and selfishness, made low and mean, affairs that seem inevitably joined oftentimes to all that is unmanly—you perceive the apostle looked upon them in a light which made them noble and worthy of the best care. It is peculiar to the New Testament that it underlies all portions of human life with motives that dignify it in all its parts.

I desire more particularly to-night to bring to the minds of the young, some considerations of their relations in life; with some plain practical suggestions and instructions as regards the best methods of fulfilling their duties in those various relations.

Every pastor, I suppose, feels a growing interest—the longer he remains a pastor in full work—a growing interest in the young of his congregation—because the age is itself attractive; the earlier periods of amiable life are intrinsically winning and attractive. The young are also those to whom we look for future strength and for future good; the longer we live the more anxious we become that they who are to be the fresh recruits should be of the right stature, morally. Around them also are peculiar temptations and trials, witching, cunning, insidious and forceful; and we are obliged to see thousands fall by the way, whose fall seemed needless. Like ourselves too, they have but one chance in life; we that have somewhat advanced in life, see how many perils there are round about that chance in life, and feel a more earnest desire that every advantage should be given to those that are coming after us. We can live but once; and that life itself is usually molded and takes its shape very early; it is not always an inevitable, but it is a standing law that they who begin rightly will end rightly, and those who begin wrongly will as a rule end badly.

I propose, therefore, to-night to consider the relations which the young of both sexes sustain to their parents, to their employers, to themselves, to the community and to the country in which they live.

I shall only say in reference to the relations of the young to their parents, a word or two, and that is this: That no young person should consider it to be an advantage to have gotten rid of parental supervision and care. If to them there comes a period when it irks the ear to be perpetually taught and restrained; yet there is nothing in after life that can take the place of father and mother to the child; there is no other institution like the family; there is no other love like parental love, and no friendship like the friendship of father and mother. Although while the boy is sprouting into manhood, he may be a little impatient of restraint, yet every after year of independence will teach the young man or maiden that there were no advantages like those which their parents gave them. No persons will tell you the truth so faithfully, O young man; no persons know your faults so well; no persons so considerate—so disinterestedly considerate—for your well-being; beside, no newspaper, no pulpit, no tribunal of any kind, ever brings up for discussion those questions that belong to the peculiar converse of the family. We cannot approach at these arms-length discourses to that familiar wisdom that brings information home to the very spot and point where it is needed by individual character, as the father and mother do at the nightly fireside.

Do not be too anxious, therefore, to break off the connection with your parents; remember that as you are in that social bond by which you inherit their honor or disgrace, so that same law acts retrospectively, and you are to cast back a part of your well-being, or of your ill-doing, upon your father and mother. You are not free from them yet, nor are your obligations ended. As long as you live, you owe a child's duty to your parents; it is an obligatory duty when you are a minor, but it becomes a spontaneous offering of honor and affection when you pass to your majority.

It is one of the worst signs that can mark a young man or maiden, that they easily forget the home of their father and mother. And now that you have come down—now that you have left your country homes, and come to this great thoroughfare, so far from laying aside the associations of home, and being ashamed of its counsels and manners, be yet more assiduous and more careful than ever you were; treasure up everything—those influences, those remembrances; and recollect that he who tries to shame you out of a father's and mother's fear of obedience to them, is trying to steal the most precious treasure you have. He that is trying to break the parental influence is trying to take from you the most faithful love you ever knew. You shall lie down in your grave after having traversed from forty to eighty years of life, and not have found another friend who has borne as much for you, or who will do as much for you, as your father and mother.

I pass now to consider some of your duties to your employers, and this includes a wide range. Life is filled up with endless occupations, and the relative positions of those who are employed and those who employ them. It is very difficult to give instruction to meet the wants of all, without being somewhat general, but I will try to make them as particular as I can. I ask you to consider, in the first place, your relations to your employers, from the highest—from a Christian—point of view. In the spirit

of my text, do not vulgarize your secular relations, but make a matter of religion of them; at least, look at them in the highest moods and feelings of religious honor. It will make all the difference in the world, whether you look at your relation to your employers from a low and selfish point of view, or from a high-minded and generous point of view; whether you look at them as being simply for the time men who have an advantage over you, as those who in some sense are your instruments or obstacles, as the case may be, or whether you feel they are beings like yourselves before God, going to a common home, and to a common judgment; or whether you feel that you are bound to have toward them all Christian feelings.

Be sure, therefore, in entering into any relationship—be sure that you do not fall into a narrow, selfish, calculating mood, especially that of measuring every obligation to fulfillment upon a very narrow measure, and saying, "How little must I do to discharge my duty; how few hours can I afford to put in, and how little diligence can I use;" and especially guard against measuring what you do by the character of the persons for whom you do it. Remember there are always two parties in these relationships in life; and if you happen, in God's providence, to be placed under persons of merit and worth, you owe it, first, to them, and secondly to yourselves, to act in a high and honorable way. If your employers are as mean as mean can be, you never can, so far as you yourself are concerned, act in any other way except a large, magnanimous, and manly way. There is no excuse for acting in a poor and mean way, under any circumstances.

Always, therefore, aim to do more, and not less, than is expected of you; even though the expectation is unreasonable, it is no excuse for you. Desire to do more, even if you should be blamed for it at every step. Keep to that desire; their blame does not exonerate you from duty. If they are unreasonable, and you have a hard time of it, it will not hurt you in the end. Nothing hurts an honorable man; nothing hurts a true man. I never saw a man spoiled simply because he was doing too much, unless it undermined, unless it crushed out, his manliness, and taught him to do mean things, and gave him the idea of running circuitous courses all around duty. If you are used hardly and roughly, it will make a tough man of you when you get through. You will come out from such circumstances as iron comes out of the fire—steel. I repeat, therefore, not all real or supposed evils, all oppression, if the employer oppress you, all cheating if he cheat you, and if he put upon you all manner of dishonorableness—if you are so treated in all these things, no one can ever justify you in doing the same things in retaliation, or in quitting one single duty. If you are an apprentice to a miser, and if he diminish your proper quantity of food, if he clothes you poorly, if he diminishes your appropriate hours of relaxation; that is his wickedness, and don't you make yourself a fellow to him by attempting to retaliate or attempting to cheat him in some way. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." You have no right to undertake to repay men their wickedness in this world; leave that to God.

Therefore, though the man that employs you be never so bad, do you remember to act good, every time you feel the influence of evil. Say to yourselves, "I will see to it that I am not like him." Overcome evil with good! It is very hard to do this in the presence of a hard and hateful man; but I tell you it is a duty, and duty can always be performed.

Do not, therefore, fall into the habit of measuring what you get and what you give—service and remuneration. In considering what relation you shall enter into life, this may be proper; but when relations have been established in life between one and another, the generous way of taking things is the happier and better way. No matter how unequal it seems, it is not best for you to disquiet yourself by turning over and over in your mind the circumstances you, and looking at them from the least favorable point of view. Always look upon the hopeful side—upon the charitable side. Always take a generous view of things for your own sake, if not for another.

Remember also, that your moral character is worth more to you than everything else. In all your relationships in life, for the highest reasons, your character is worth more to you than all beside—for religious reasons, and even for common secular reasons.

It is very desirable that you should have information—that you should have a skillful and nimble hand; it is very desirable that you should understand business, and men, and life; but it is even more desirable that you should be a man of integrity, strict, untemptable, or at least unbreakable integrity, even for civil and secular reasons; for nothing is so much in demand as simple integrity in men; nothing is so much in demand as men who are held, by the fear of God and the habit of a life of rectitude, to that which is right. Their price is above rubies. More than wedges of gold are they worth; and never worth so much as in cities and marts like these, where so much must be put at stake upon the fidelity of agents. It is very hard to find men now; you can find good sticks in the woods for masts, though that is difficult; yet you can find ten sticks easier than you can find one man. We must splice men now as they make masts; they saw down a dozen trees, splice them together, and bind them round with iron hoops, and thus make masts that are supposed to be stronger than if they were one piece of timber. And so with men; if you want a good man, you have to take a dozen men, splice them together, wind the hoops of responsibility round and round them, put watching bands all about them, before you can get a man with whom you dare leave your money; and then they will run away with it. It is hard to get a man of good, sound timber, that will bear the pressure, that is without a flaw, and is not shaken—that will bear the stress of opportunity, temptation and impunity.

It is one of the rarest things to get a man who will go through

these three things—temptation, opportunity, impunity. A man that can go through with all these, and stand proved in true honesty, is beyond all price. These are the men we want; business needs them; everything in commercial life needs them. Wherefore remember that in all your business you are doing two things, while you are gaining an outward acquaintance with the profession or pursuit in which you are to engage, remember that you are doing a much more important thing, or ought to be. You are gaining an inward integrity; you are training yourself to be a man; your character is being established for strict integrity.

Therefore be very careful about your word. Be very shy of giving it, but once uttered, let that word change to adamant. When once given, never dishonor it! Be as careful of it as if the eye of the living God were on you, for it is on you. Once having given your word, never allow yourself to take it up and weigh it. The moment a man begins to think about dishonesty, he has half done it; the moment he begins to think about a lie, he has half lied already; the moment a man begins to say to himself—pulling out his word and his promise, as in an affray a soldier begins to pull his sword from the sheath, you may know there is blood coming somewhere—"Might I not be excused from this? I don't mean to break my word, but isn't there a flaw here? Can not I interpret it, thus and so?" Never deliberate on your word, but go as the shot goes to the target—strike and stand! Be firm under all provocations, and under all temptations; be careful of doing wrong to your employers, without any regard to their merit, or their treatment of you. Let it be a matter of religious honor never to wrong them in the least. And secondly, be just as firm never to do any wrong for them as you are never to do any wrong against them. No matter if they wish a whip-lash, and wish to strike it out, never let them tie you to the handle, and strike out with you into iniquitous things. No matter what it costs you, all special reasons come to the ground in this matter. If anything is true in this world, it is that a young man who trusts to integrity has a compass that never will deceive him, through night and darkness, through storms, and winds, and waves. You may be sure that in the end you will always come out right, if you stand simply on truth and integrity. Suppose you are needy, suppose you are about to be pitched out of the establishment, suppose you don't know where to get your daily bread, or how to pay for your clothes, suppose you have no friends, God Almighty is on your side; and do you believe He will not supply your wants, when He cares for the birds of the air, when He has sprinkled the Bible all over with promises? Do you believe He will let you make a sacrifice of yourself? Is there no Providence that takes care of men? Is there no God of justice and of love who looks after his creatures? Why should you be afraid to step out of the ship if it be Christ who says, "Come to me?" and when you step upon the wave, and find you do not sink, why should you be afraid like Peter, who sank because he feared he should sink? Walk! no matter what the height of the wave, or the fierceness of the storm, wherever duty calls. Remember it is Christ who says, "Come to me." Go, and go fearless! But never wrong your employers, or do wrong for them. If they want any mean work done, tell them, "Do it yourselves;" never do it for them.

And generally, let me say, never ask a man to do anything that you would not do yourself, and never do for any man that which you would not do yourself, under any circumstances whatever. You cannot shift responsibility of that kind; if there is any false swearing, you cannot charge it to the establishment; if you make a false statement, it is not delegated; it don't go through another person as a letter goes through the mail-bag, leaving no responsibility with the old skin.

In this world you will be tried with ten thousand little, paltry, higgling weaknesses, but remember that in everything you are doing in the earlier period of your relationship in life, everything you are doing in getting a business or professional education, you are building up a reputation for truth and honor, for justice and for honesty. And if, when you are sent on little meannesses, you trot quickly, men will mark you, and say, "He is fit for it." But if when men attempt to put upon you this miserable business, and find you stiff in opposition, they will mark you then also, and say, "Is that pretence, or is it real?" and then they will try you again in two or three ways; and by and by they will begin to say, "I don't know but the boy has got it in him; I have heard about a conscience."

And by and by, when they find it is not a mere freak—not a mere fit—when they find it is a substantial foundation of your character, then the man begins to say, by and by I shall want a partner, or I shall want a confidential clerk; here is a young man, honorable, intelligent, and active, and who has got that in him. I will try him thoroughly. For I assure you, they will think many things in the office while you are at work in the store that you do not dream of, and when they come to sift it all down, and the chaff is blown away, you will be among the plumpest of the wheat that have been sifted in your integrity. Don't forget, therefore, that you are being educated for a moral purpose, and not merely for a secular one.

Yet I remark once more, don't be a man of integrity just because it is profitable. I would not like to put moral qualities up at auction, and bid them off for what they are worth. It is indeed profitable in all things, just as goodness is, "having the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come."

But this is a very insufficient way of looking at it. Therefore do not accustom yourselves to measure moral qualities by what they bring in the market—by mere gold and silver. Do not stop to ask how much it costs you; do not look in any way in a low view at your moral training. If you find that truth, honesty, and fidelity, are not presently rewarded, do not be discouraged. It is conceit, sometimes, that leads men to think they are not properly rewarded. If within six months or a year the benefit is not awarded to them, men feel as though they were injured. There-

fore do right, but in ignorance that there is a reward in it; but do it for the sake of it. If there were no reward in it, do it for the sake of itself.

A life of slippery experience can have but one end; be honest and truthful, if you please, because they are profitable; and if they were not—be honest and truthful. You certainly will gain more by that course in the long run, than by the other. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a man who is not honest, who is not a truthful man, who is not diligent and not careful—in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, that man ends disastrously.

There are two things about riches; one is to catch it, and the other is to hold it. I have seen many a man get money as a man catches a bird, and he is rich till he goes to put it in a cage; he opens his hand, and away flies the bird—makes itself wings and flies away. How many men have been rich for two whole years, and then have gone down in some speculation, as they went up in speculation! How many men, by plodding in life, have got themselves into a position when they have passed for ten or fifteen years as being prosperous; they are pointed out as illustrations, and men pompously say, "See how men of no integrity succeed!" I will not answer for five or ten years, and then I look to see where all the show and pomp is—and they are all gone, and new faces are there; they are passed away. I think that the statistics—and I would to God there were moral statistics as there are physical statistics—I think it would be shown that integrity and permanent prosperity go together. I know there are apparent exceptions, but that is the general rule.

There are many other things in your relations to your employers that at other times might call for remark; but it is my endeavor to suggest, rather than to fill out; to mark the outlines for your own meditation, for the purpose of giving you the habit of looking at all that bears on your future life, from a high moral point of view.

Let me speak next of another point which stands intimately connected with your prosperity, and urge the importance in this life of the matter of health. I feel more inclined to do it, because there are so many who have no one to speak to them on this subject. Life is the foundation of all things; let me say, therefore, to young men and women, that while work is healthy, while occupation is almost indispensable to health and happiness, yet excessive work, that includes the brain, almost invariably ends in weakening the digestive organs. I see persons in this congregation in whom I can already see the beginning of the end. There are men who tax their minds day by day, in ignorance that there is a subtle and inevitable connection between dyspepsia and over-mental exertion. I see it in all forms of business men, who should understand that there is a point beyond which, if they urge their brain, the injury will be felt not in the head, but in the stomach. The nerves of the stomach become weakened by excessive mental application; and the moment a man loses his stomach, the citadel is taken. All your body is renewed from the blood, and the blood is made from the food taken into the stomach; the capacity of the blood to renew nerve, fiber, bone and muscle, and thus to keep you in health, depends upon the performance of your digestive functions.

There is much that is called spiritual ailment that is nothing but stomachic ailment. I have had persons call upon me with that hollow cheek and emaciated face, showing the relation between the cerebral and the stomachic, and whatever I may say to them, my inward thought has been, there is very little that can help you till your health is established. The foundation of all earthly happiness is in your health, and yet men scarcely value it till they have lost it. There is nothing that stands in the relation of capital to a man more than health.

Remember, too, that too little sleep is almost as inevitably fatal as anything can be to your health and happiness. Suppose you do work hard all day, that is no reason why you should say to yourself, "I am not going to be a pack-horse all day; if I can't have any pleasure by day, I will have it at night." You are taking pleasure out of the very substance of your body, when you burn the lamp till one or two o'clock at night.

Now and then, at certain seasons, you may violate the laws of rest and sleep; but the young man who follows these excitations of pleasure nightly, wears himself just as surely as if he burned ten wicks to one lamp. You may be sure, nothing is more inevitable than that this under-sleep undermines the body itself. As a general thing, eight hours of sleep are necessary for a young person. There is a difference in this respect; the nervous man does not need so much sleep as the phlegmatic man. The nervous man eats quicker, walks quicker, does everything quicker. He will do as much sleep and work in six hours as the phlegmatic man would do in eight. If quicker, he is quicker in all; if slower, he is slower in all.

Although it may cause a smile to say, that it is a religious duty to sleep—it is—it is! I have seen a great many men who I think have destroyed the usefulness of their lives from ignorance of this indispensable law of recuperation. I may speak of my own experience in this matter. I have made it a rule under a constant taxation of public labor, that rendered excitement inevitable—and I attribute very much of my endurance to having obtained under the direction of a discreet and experienced father, some right ideas of diet, exercise and sleep—I have been accustomed to divide my time into two days; I have my greater day and my lesser day; my greater night and my lesser night.

I always manage so as to have my night interjected into the afternoon, and calling some two hours in the afternoon my lesser night. The evening is my short day—as I am obliged to speak about six times a week during ten months of the year—the rest of the night my greater night, and the forenoon my long day. If my experience is worth anything to the young of my charge, they are most welcome to it. Diet and exercise also are elements of health not to be neglected. There may be many who have no choice in this regard, and I am truly sorry for those whose labor seems to prevent proper exercise. It is painful to walk through the streets and see working men looking pale and emaciated, like plants that grow in the shade, without that kind of robustness and healthy hue that comes from work in the open air. I desire that there may be no notions of righteousness

making men think there is any harm in robust, manly exercises, in fencing, riding, boxing, rowing, rolling, (when there are no evil associations connected with it.) Whatever tends to develop and make the system manly and robust, will have a tendency for virtue and against vice, other things being equal.

All the passions carry with them care and anxiety; anger, jealousy, envy, and fear, and all the malign feelings, are positively unhealthy. A man who lives in any of those lower feelings, is living in a state in which he is all the time decreasing the vital conditions of his body, and rendering himself an easy prey to disease; whereas the man who lives in courage up above all the lower passions, in a state of cheerful happiness, that man is all the time repelling the assaults of disease; that man is buoyant and happy, and has a strong chance for life. Add to this the wickedness of a demoralizing indulgence of the passions, which is always unhealthy, and I do not wonder that so many men break down. I do not wonder that our streets are so many shambles where young men fall in hot combats. And if, still farther, by drinking beyond all bounds, they add to other indulgences—it is strange to see how men drain themselves of vitality—I only marvel how men live as long as they do live; I wonder how they live a year, when sometimes they live five. I wonder they live a month when sometimes they live a year. If there were no reason in self-respect to check our appetites, there is a reason in health why every young man should be afraid to dwell in the houses of dissipation and vice. You may think there is pleasure there; and so there is just enough pleasure to skim over the cup of disease and death. The beginnings of her ways may be pleasant, but the end thereof is damnation.

I pass next to speak of the care and culture of your minds. This relates especially to those who are young—who are under employers learning occupations that are not directly intellectual. It is not a small thing for a man to learn to make his hands easy and light by supplementing them with his head. The difference which intelligence makes between that man and another is full one half greater—intelligence, thought and quickness in the use of our mind teaching us the use of our hands rightly in every possible relation and situation. The use of the head abridges the labor of the hand. There is no drudgery, no mechanical routine, no minuteness of function that is not advantaged by intelligence and education. If a man has nothing better to do than turning a grindstone, it is better to be educated; or sticking pins on a paper, or sweeping the streets; it makes no difference what you do, you will do it better if you are an intelligent man. It is a mistake to suppose that a stupid man makes a better laborer; if I had a man to tend my farm and throw the dirt from a ditch, I would not have a stupid drudge if I could help it. In the times when armies are called to pass through great hardships, it is the stupid soldiers who break down quickest; the man of intellect, who has mental resources, holds out the longest. It is said that "blood will tell" in stock; and I know that intelligence will tell in man.

Whatever the occupation is, it is worth while to be a man of thought and intellectual resources; it is worth a man's while to be educated thoroughly for any business. Though he be a mechanic or a tradesman, education is good enough for him, and he is good enough for it. Sometimes wonder is expressed that a man who has been through college, and hence supposed to be educated, should afterward burrow himself in business. But why not? Has not a merchant a right to be educated? Do you suppose nobody has a right to an education unless he is going to be a doctor, a minister, a lawyer, or some public man? I affirm the right of every man in community to an education. A man should educate himself for his own sake.

There is no calling except that of slave-catcher to the Government—to a Christian government—that is not made better by brains. No matter what a man's work is, he is a better man for having had a thorough mind-drill. If you are to be a farmer, get an education first. If you are to be a mechanic, get an education; if you mean to follow the lowest calling—those called menial—do not be ignorant; get knowledge.

One of the things which our age and which this land have developed, is the compatibility of manual labor with real refinement and education. This is one of the problems of the age. We must show that knowledge is not a monopoly of profession or a privilege of wealth, and not a prerogative of leisure. Knowledge and refinement belong to the hard-working man as much as to any other class of men. I hope to see the day, and I believe I shall if I live to the ordinary age of man, when there will be educated day-laborers and educated mechanics; refined farmers and ship-masters; for we must carry out practically our theory of man's equality and of common worth. In matters of education, we must endeavor to inspire every one with an honest ambition for intelligence. There is no calling that will not be lifted up by it.

Never whine over what you may suppose to be your lost early opportunities. A great many have early opportunities which they never improve, and many have lost early opportunities who never lost much. Many a slave that wanted knowledge, has listened while his master's children were reciting their lessons, and spelling the letters in the easy words, and thus caught the first elements of spelling; and then lying flat upon his belly before the embers, with a stolen book, he has learned to read and write. If a man wants to learn as much as that, I don't care where you put him, he will become an educated man.

Hugh Miller, the quarry man, became one of the most learned men in the Old World; Roger Sherman came up from a shoemaker's bench; a blacksmith may become a universal linguist. Where there is a will there is a way, and in almost every business in life there is much which demands reading and study in the business itself.

Every mechanic should make himself a respectable mathematician, and if he does not, after five or ten years of labor, become a better workman with the aid of books, it is a sign the man is below par. He may be a clever fellow, but he certainly lacks spring here (tapping his head). The clerk in the dry-goods store has an encyclopaedia on his shelves; if he will trace back the fabrics to the country from whence they came; if he will learn of the soil, the people, and of their history; the processes of machinery by which the fabric was constructed, and a thousand things that suggest themselves to the mind—there is more than he could learn in a life-time in a store of dry-goods even. If all the knowledge that could be obtained from the dry-goods in Stewart's store were searched out, Appleton's bookstore would not hold the books that would have to be written. But if the clerk stands behind the counter all day, and sees in them only so many dry-goods, they are not half so dry as he is.

It is a disgrace to any man to be ignorant who has lived five years a freeman in a free country, unless he comes and takes the benefit of the bankrupt law, and pleads stupidity; for if a man is stupid, then he is stupid because he is not intelligent.

Life itself is, moreover, an academy; there is something to be learned from everybody, in every place, about everything. A man that has his eyes open and uses them, can go nowhere without finding himself a pupil, and everything a teacher. It is conceit, a contemptible satisfaction with your present state, a kind of pleasant pride which stagnates all your faculties, so that you go up and down the street among all sorts of men, collecting nothing. Every ride in a car, every walk through the street,

every visit to the store or shop, should make you a richer man in knowledge; with the appetite for everything, you should never return without some conscious increase of knowledge.

Remember too, you are to be a citizen, and you are bound to have that information which will qualify you for an honest participation in public affairs. You are also bound to have a knowledge of current events, which no man can have who does not read the newspapers; they are the school-masters of the people. The newspaper is one of the things which may felicitate ourselves upon; it is one of those things that constitute our national glory.

For example, how many young men, now that Europe stands all ajar, when apparently new combinations are to take place upon a scale that is gigantic—which take place but once in any man's life-time—how many have taken the atlas and marked out the lines of France or of the Italian provinces, as the boundaries of the Austrian empire! How many have marked the course of the Ticino! How many men know where Piedmont is—how many know just where the first blow is to be struck! Every man that has any intelligence ought to be ashamed to lag behind in these matters, that are within the reach of every man.

When I was a lad of some ten years old, I had the privilege of going to school to a farmer's son, who was also a militia captain. I heard my father say that that man had so thoroughly studied military matters, that it was not probable there was a man in the State of Connecticut that could have detailed so thoroughly the history of all the campaigns of Napoleon, as that farmer. It was a mere incidental remark made at the table, but it has had a great deal to do with my life; it opened to me the idea, though I did not know it then, that a man in humble life may put himself in a position of influence that could be world-wide.

And I can say also that in an earlier date, my own attention was very much interested in the Peninsular war, between the French and English armies in Spain. I was so fortunate as to be attracted to the matter, and I read carefully Napier's matchless history of that war, one of the noblest monuments of military history ever made. I studied with map in hand, carefully and minutely that whole campaign, and I never read a book which for knowledge did me half so much good.

Now, do not suppose that to obtain this information of current events in your own land, or upon the broad theater of the broad world, will require a great deal of set time which you must withdraw from other things. Almost every man wastes enough five minutes and ten minutes to give him a good education. You throw away time enough to make you a wise man both in book literature and current events. A volume read a little every morning wastes away most rapidly. A man that is occupied, or a very busy man, would have leisure enough in the crevices of his time, if he took the parings, the rinds, and the leavings of time just before or just after meals—if you will but pick up these loose fragments of time, and employ them continually, one year would put a man in the possession of the history of his country. It does not take a great while to read a book through if a man keeps at it. The history of the institutions of the country, its laws and polity; the history of the principal nations of the world; the history of the globe—its geography and natural productions; and some knowledge of the arts, may be had by any and by every man. There is no excuse if you do not know these things. You need not go to college to know them. The books are published—somebody has got them. You need not advertise in the *Herald* asking for the man who will lend you an Encyclopedia. If you were hungry I do not believe you would starve under the same circumstances. I think you would work for bread before you would perish, and you ought to be ten times as hungry for knowledge as you are for daily food.

Among the finest pictures in the Boston Athenaeum, and the finest part of the library of the historical collection, you will find those pictures and those books which were collected during the life-time, and donated at the death, of a man who spent his life in the active practice of a mechanical employment. He was a leather-dresser. He bought the best books, and read them, and then secured for them the very best dress, for a good book deserves a good dress. Those pictures and books show what a mechanic can do.

Why should you, an apprentice, a clerk, or a day workman, not wish to see galleries and pictures as much as I or any other man? There is a great deal of enthusiasm about Church's picture—I am proud of that enthusiasm. Why should not the man who is a blacksmith wish to see such pictures? Then there is the Academy of Design; I am not sorry to see there persons in silks and broadcloth, but I am sorry not to see there more working-men—more of what are called common people. People should be hungry with the eye, the ear, as well as the mouth. When all a man's necessities of life are those which go in at the port-holes of the stomach, it is a bad sign.

There are two things which delight my very soul: I like to see a hard-working, honest man—especially if he has had some dirty calling—a butcher, a tallow chandler, or a dealer in fish oil—and like to see such a man when by dint of honest industry he gets rich, builds him a house in the best neighborhood in the place, and builds it so that everybody says, "O, what a fine house; it is better taste than we expected." That does me good—makes me fat to the very marrow. Then I like to see him employ his wealth with such judicious taste as to show the world that a working man in a menial calling may carry within him a refined soul and a noble nature. I like to see those men that have been chrysalides, break their shells, and come out in all the beautiful colors of the butterfly.

In the last place, let me urge upon every one the importance of personal religion; in the toil and strife of life, I urge it upon every man as a duty that he owes to God, and urge it upon every man as a joy and comfort that he owes to himself; I urge it upon every man especially as a safeguard and a help in all portions of life; I urge it, lastly, upon every man as a preparation for that great and solemn event which bounds every man's life, and which can not be far off from any man.

I shall close this discourse by reading the words which, although written three thousand years ago, come rolling down to us without having lost one single particle of freshness, and which are just as true as they have been in any intermediate age since they were first uttered.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones. Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of his correction. For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver; and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her."

Amen, and Amen!

MOLLIFYING OF PREJUDICE.

MUCH ESTEEMED TELEGRAPH: It is cheering to witness the change in the tone of the public mind, in regard to angelic truth, from year to year. People of all classes who, two or three years ago, would not, with becoming courtesy, speak or hear of our philosophy, are now ready to converse openly on the subject, and anxious to hear more. My books and papers are constantly on the go, and the poor things come back looking haggard and almost exhausted, returned with cheerful hearts, while other hungry minds are waiting to receive them. Even some clergymen borrow, and retain them till they can let those in their flock, whom they think they can trust, peruse them. You know the bell wethers must go in advance of the flocks, and some of the best of the fine wool and the southdowns must accompany them, and the more common wool will follow in their wake. In short, we are going ahead as fast as is prudent.

Our friends at Ann Arbor have lately been very fortunate in securing the services of Brother Stebbins. You are aware, that is the location of our University and Medical College, a place, of course, full of bigotry, superstition, and prejudice. Seven hundred students boarding all through the city, mixing with male and female society—and the professors, in order to be popular, must of course adopt some of the blind faiths, and must altogether wield a mighty influence; but, judging from the two discourses we had the pleasure of hearing, we have confidence in Mr. Stebbins' ability to meet a host.

By the by, we here are back, remote from the large thoroughfares, and if any of our friends having tracts, papers, or reading matter of an elevating nature of any kind, will forward the same to me, I will see that the seed is scattered upon good soil, and re-scattered from time to time, as I assure you there are many here who are seeking more light. Send on your surplus reading matter, however soiled, as it will be new to many here. Oh, if you could witness with what joy many countenances are lit up on receiving copies of papers, tracts, or books, you would not hesitate to supply them.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH.

DAVID T. WOOD.

MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE: *Sir*—I have within my possession several pieces of poetry and prose that I have written at different periods of time, without any premeditation or effort on my part, and if you consider them worthy of a place in your valuable paper I shall be amply rewarded for my time. I will send you two pieces now, and, if you like, more.

Yours, for truth,

EMELINE R. MERRITT.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S SONG.

I watch around thy lowly bed
When night her sable pall hath spread;
And when the darkness flees away
I kneel beside thy couch and pray.
I ask the Holy One above
To guide and bless thee with His love.
When death shall come and rob thee here
Of all thy spirit holds most dear,
I'll bare these cherished ones to thee,
And whisper of eternity;
The veil that hides them from thy sight
I'll lift, and usher in the light.
I'll cast aside the darkened gloom,
And show thee heaven beyond the tomb,
And when thy earthly life is o'er,
I'll meet thee there to part no more.

LOVE ALL.

If thou wouldst do the will of God,
Who gave thee life and breath.
And wouldst have happiness on earth
And tranquil joy in death—
Love all; for in the humblest soul
There dwells a spark divine
Of love, that, met with sympathy,
In heaven's true light may shine.
In love abide; 'twill link thy soul
In bonds of purest bliss,
Till thou shalt soar, from every care,
To fairer worlds than this.

The Asylum for the Inebriates.

An act was passed by our Legislature on the 15th of April, directing that ten per cent. of the moneys received by the several county treasurers from the Board of Commissioners of Excise, be paid to the Treasurer of the Inebriate Asylum, located at Binghampton, to be expended in completing said Asylum.

THREE FRIENDS.

We were three friends in our early days,
When time went merrily by,
And closely we clung together then,
You, and Annie, and I.
Oh! little we knew of the path that lay
Marked out for our future years,
The joys in store, or the trials sore,
That would dim our eyes with tears.
We parted as many and many part,
With a sigh and a loving tear,
And felt, as we gave the long, last kiss,
That each was doubly dear.
We two may meet on earth again,
But her we shall see no more,
Till we have crossed the river of death,
And stand on the farther shore.
For the light went out of her sweet blue eyes,
And cold is the heart once warm,
And a weeping willow marks the spot
Where they sadly laid her form.
But think not they who earliest reach
The home where all shall go,
Forget the love that they cherished here,
Or the friends they have left below.

VIRGINIA.

The Masonic Press Muzzled in France.

This press has heretofore been free to promulgate such views as it chose, and they have been rapidly increasing, until, finally, the following interdict has been pronounced:

"We have decreed and do decree,

"ART. 1. From the first day of March, 1859, no Masonic publication, periodical, or otherwise, can be printed except by the printer of the Grand Orient of France, without special authorization on our part.

"ART. 2. All Masonic publications, periodical, or otherwise, which shall proceed from any other press than that of the printer of the Grand Orient of France, shall by this act alone be considered not orthodox.

"The different lodges must neither subscribe to, nor in any manner acquire them; and it is the bounden duty of all Masons, whatever merit they may ascribe to these productions, to discourage their diffusion, and to refuse their patronage.

"ART. 3. Our Grand Officer of Honor, entrusted with the correspondence, etc., is charged with the execution of this decree.

"Given at our Chateau of Berzenval, this 8th day of November, 1850.

"Grand Master of the Masonic Order of France.

L. MURAT.

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

A telegram from Washington states that on the 5th inst. the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles visited the place where the homicide for his participation in which he had just been tried, occurred. He pointed out to two companions the localities where the different incidents took place, and admitted his intention to kill Mr. Key.

MORE TRIUMPHS OF MORPHY.—Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess champion, was being feted by the London players. He again played eight games simultaneously blindfolded, his adversaries being very skillful men. He won two, and the other six games were drawn after seven hours' play. Mr. Morphy was on the eve of leaving for America.

Prof. Denison Olmstead of Yale College is very ill, and it is feared cannot long survive. His disease is neuralgia in the stomach.

FILIBUSTERS AGAINST CUBA.—A telegram from New Orleans, under date of May 5th, gives the intelligence received there that the brig African from New York, arrived at Cuba on the 12th with 35 filibusters, 240 guns, and other munitions of war, having failed to land them at Nuevas Grandes, Cuba. The attempt was made on the 7th ult., but the boats were swamped and the munitions in them lost. The African received \$1,000 in advance for the service. The Spanish Consul in Hayti had notified Gen Concha, who dispatched a war-steamer to capture them. Nothing had been heard of the other filibuster vessels.

Mr. Alex. Dumas says his voyage to Russia and the East cost him only \$2,000, and the money he received from Count Koucheliff was \$12,000 for two novels, and that his books bring him in \$20,000 a year. He leaves Paris the 15th of May for another two years, excursion. He has sold his "Voyage to Caucasus" for \$6,000; it is to be published daily, and 30 numbers only issued, consequently he receives 1,000 francs daily for it.

SOMEWHAT PUGNACIOUS.—Mrs. Rowland, a lady residing in Manchester near Pittsburgh, shot a man named Charles McTiernan, on Saturday afternoon. *The Chronicle* says she had been annoyed by the workmen who were building a house next door, treading upon her flowers, erecting scaffolding, strewing dirt and shavings about, &c. She had expostulated with them frequently, and finally warned them of the consequences if they sought to annoy her any more. On Saturday, however, McTiernan, a workman, made some remarks which highly insulted the lady, when, taking down a gun, she discharged it at him, part of the contents entering his head, inflicting a slight wound. She has been held to bail.

WHAT CONSTITUTES MARRIAGE.—In Clarendon, S. C., recently a marriage ceremony was performed by a party who was not a magistrate, and the man, at least, thought it only a joke. In an hour after the parties separated, each going to their homes and about their business as usual, and thought no more of the matter. Sometime afterward the man was sued for the board of his wife, (which he did not suppose he had.) The Judge said that the declaration or consent of the parties before competent witnesses, although the acting magistrate had no authority to perform the marriage ceremony, constituted marriage, and was binding. The man had to pay the board bill.

It is stated that the number of American travelers on the Nile this year is much smaller than usual. Gov. Seymour of Connecticut, ex-Minister to Russia, was at Cairo, March 22. Dr. Abbott, proprietor of the collection of Egyptian antiquities in New York, was dangerously ill at Alexandria.

SLAVES MANUMITTED.—Mr. G. B. Tucker of Georgetown, Kentucky, last week manumitted nine slaves, four adults and five children, valued at \$6,000, and sent them to Ohio.

THE IMPENDING EUROPEAN WAR.—By the latest intelligence from across the water, it would appear that the storm-cloud that has been lowering over Europe for the last three months, is about to burst. Of the origin and precise nature of the international complications which render this crisis imminent, we can not here speak; but the upshot of the business is, that Austria, on the 20th of April, made the imperative demand on Piedmont that she should dismiss her army within three days, and especially that she should dismiss her Italian volunteers, who had collected within her borders to the number of some 20,000, threatening to declare war immediately in the event of a refusal. In the latter case she would immediately march her army of 80,000 men over the Piedmontese frontier, and in this event, before the French forces can come to the rescue, she will doubtless succeed in devastating that country to a large extent. It is not, indeed, improbable that cannons are booming and torrents of human blood are flowing at the moment we are penning this paragraph; and the flame of war being thus fairly kindled, there is no saying to what portion of Europe it may not extend. The principal belligerent parties in this case (France and Austria, or rather the despots of those respective nations, who have their personal ends in view), stand in such relation to the more liberal nations and classes of mankind, as to cause the result of the contest to be anticipated with comparative indifference, whichever party may be the victor, except as it indirectly involves the interests and liberties of the crushed millions. Should Francis Joseph prove the losing party, there will be another chance for Hungary to assert her independence. We could hardly expect the liberation of Italy in such a case, except on some such conditions as those on which the tiger frees the lamb from the jaws of the wolf. If, on the other hand, the fortunes of the war should turn against Napoleon, we may not be surprised to see the Oleanists, the Legitimists, the Republicans, and the Socialists again in the field, and Paris again deluged in blood. Whichever way the victory may turn, great national and popular perturbations are seemingly unavoidable, and a freer and more equitable condition of the masses may be anticipated as among the probabilities.

ADVICE ABOUT LIGHTNING.

It is calculated that at least fifty persons are killed by lightning every year in this country, and as the season is approaching when casualties of this kind are imminent, a few words of advice and caution upon the subject may serve as a safeguard, if carefully observed.

During the prevalence of a thunderstorm which visited the town and vicinity of St. Petersburg, Ill., two men were suddenly killed by a stroke of lightning, which descended the chimney of the house in which they were residing. One of the unfortunate victims was in the act of winding a clock that stood on the mantel piece, and the other was standing directly behind him, when both were struck lifeless. Two women were at the same time sitting in the room and escaped injury, as they happened to be seated some distance from the chimney.

When the lightning's flash and the thunder's crash are seen and heard almost simultaneously, it is a sign that danger is at hand, and the next bolt may strike the tenement which affords us shelter. To know the place of greatest safety upon such an occasion is important knowledge. This science clearly teaches us, and as a faithful monitor, its voice should be heard with attention. * * * *

It should never be forgotten that the lightning always seeks to pass to the earth by the nearest prominent conductors, hence we have an explanation of the cause why trees, masts of ships, steeples of churches, towers, and chimneys are so often struck, and why the persons referred to above should not have been standing so near the fire-place on the occasion of a thunderstorm which cost them their lives. In such storms, persons in houses should sit or lie in some place as far distant as possible from the chimney, and the most exposed parts of the walls—the middle of the room if it is large, is the safest locality. Sailors on the sea should keep as far from the masts as possible, and farmers in the fields should never seek shelter under trees. Horizontal strokes of lightning sometimes take place, and several persons have been struck while sitting at open windows during thunderstorms. Every window of a room in which persons are sitting, in such cases should be closed; a flash of the fluid, which would pass through an open window into an apartment, will be conducted down through the floor and wall to the earth if the window is shut. We have thus given some directions to be followed by all persons during the prevalence of lightning, and we have set forth the science of the question, so that all may not only see the reasonableness of our remarks, but their seasonableness also.—*Scientific American*.

THE QUAKER AND PARSON.—A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tithes, Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, as he had never had any dealings with him in his whole life.

"Why," says the parson, "it is for tithes."

"For tithes?" says the Quaker, "I prythee, upon what account?"

"Why," said the parson, "for preaching in the church."

"Alas! then," replied the Quaker, "I have nothing to pay thee: for I came not there."

"Oh, but you might," says the parson, "for the doors are always open at convenient times;" and thereupon said he would be paid, seeing it was due.

Yea and Nay thereupon shook his head, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (at law) a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded why he put such disgrace upon him, and for what he owed him the money?

"Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, "for trimming!"

"For trimming," said the parson, "why, I was never trimmed by you in my life."

"Oh! but thou mightest have come and been trimmed: thou hadst pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine."

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A special meeting of the Ethnological Society was held at the house of Mr. E. G. Squier, on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., Mr. Folsom in the chair. It was called with reference to a large and interesting collection of antiquities recently brought from Peru by Dr. Ferris, who has been for ten years a resident in that country. They consist of a large number of vases, exhibiting various degrees of skill, generally rude, but some of them really graceful in design and neat in execution. A few were obviously modeled after indigenous fruits, and one or two after sea-shells. The collection embraced also a variety of copper instruments, or instruments made of copper with an alloy of tin, a small percentage of which gives a considerable degree of hardness to the tool, sufficient for the ordinary purposes of cutting wood, leather, etc. Most of the cutting implements are crescent shaped, like the knives used by saddlers; but a few are veritable axes, not pierced like our own, but used as blacksmiths use their punches, by aid of a withe bound tightly in a groove which runs around them. Some objects in silver, representing the sun and moon, or both in combination, attracted particular attention. These, it is said, were obtained among the ruins of Chimu, near Truxillo, a small Peruvian seaport near the frontier of Ecuador. Among these ruins, what is called the palaces cover a space of three quarters of a league. They are immense areas surrounded by high and strong walls, built of brick. These are now upwards of thirty feet high, twelve feet thick at their base, but diminishing to three feet at their tops. Within them are numerous huacas, or tumuli, and remains of innumerable edifices, rooms, halls, &c. These tumuli are supposed to have been the tombs of the Kings of Chimu, who were buried here, together with great amounts of treasure. The early Spaniards took from one of these mounds not less than 667,600 castellanos of gold, equal to about a million and a half of dollars.

The collection was referred to a committee of the society, consisting of Messrs. Ewbank, Squier and Parker, with instructions to report on its merits and importance—it being understood that the collection would be deposited in the rooms of the Historical Society for public inspection.

Mr. Squier laid before the society copies of a number of documents illustrating the languages, &c., of the Indians of Canada, from the papers of Sir Joseph Banks, preserved in the British Museum. Also a number of original Mexican manuscripts, which he is publishing in conjunction with a French savant, in Paris. One of these, which belonged to Cortez, and bears his autograph, is nearly thirty feet long, painted in brilliant colors, on coarse paper manufactured by the aborigines from the fibers of the *maguey*, or aloe. It is a synchro-nous history of Tepechpan (Tepenaca) and Mexico, from the time of the arrival of the Nahuatl tribes in the plain of Anahuac down to their absorption in the Mexican empire. It is as annals, every year being recorded, and is rendered additionally interesting from explanations and annotations in European characters but Mexican language, made by the Indian learned men after the conquest. This manuscript is one of ten, all historical, which Mr. Squier is engaged in reproducing in fac simile, to be accompanied by a volume of text explanatory of the aboriginal systems of recording events, and of what are sometimes called the "hieroglyphics" of Mexico and Central America.

After the usual presentation of correspondence, the society adjourned to the second Tuesday of April.

A MOTHER'S MAGIC.

The following touching and felicitous illustration of the power of ideas was given by Wendell Phillips the other day in this city:

"I was told, to-day, a story so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is the story of a mother on the hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said: 'Edward, they tell me that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.' And said he—for he told me the story—I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquors, that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill sides of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of any taste of liquor."

"Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? yet that was not half. For, said he, 'Yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty, and asked, "Do you know me?" "No." "Well," said he, "I was once brought drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept the sleep of intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day I am the master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me." How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the Almighty power of a single word!"

GROWTH OF NEW YORK.—The enormous increase in the value of real estate in this city, and the constantly-increasing business in all departments of commerce and manufactures, is well illustrated by the following facts: The lot on the north-west corner of Broadway and Chambers street—now worth not less than \$125,000—was purchased for \$1,000 by a gentleman who died last year. In our Post-Office there is at this time a clerk who, since he has been in the employment of the Government, regularly carried on his back the whole Southern mail, from the Battery to the Post Office. Another fact: The lots to be sold to-morrow at auction by Ludlow & Co., under the direction of the executors of Judge Jay, are a part of fifteen acres bought by the late John Jay, at \$500 per acre. One lot out of said purchase, situated on Broadway, we are informed has been sold within the past month for \$80,000. Fabulous as is the advance from \$500 per acre to \$80,000 per lot, it is fully justified, as the present owner—who is now erecting a store on the lot—has refused a rent of \$16,000 per year for the same.

QUIET REVENGE.—An English paper through a French correspondent, relates the following: "A gentleman, of high social consideration, in Genoa, lately made the discovery that his wife was unfaithful to him. Waiting his opportunity, he found the guilty pair together, and politely showed them the way to the street door, which he closed after them. He then sent a servant for an undertaker, ordered the arrangements for a funeral, sent out cards of invitation to his friends, and, over the empty coffin, performed the ceremony for a departed wife. This over, he delivered the light burden to the hearse, and once more addressing his friends, called for their congratulations upon the fact that he was now a widower—upon which, opening the folding doors, he introduced them to a splendidly prepared feast. The gayeties which thus introduced his happy return to single life were prolonged till morning."

SINGULAR CASES.—A few days since says the *Troy Times*, a young woman named Farrell, residing on Seventh street, was slightly scratched upon the neck. Swelling and inflammation proceeded from it, and in a short time erysipelas manifested itself. This progressed very rapidly, and defied the skill of the physicians to check it. In a short time she died,—her head having swelled terribly before the catastrophe. A respectable lady residing on North Second street, picked herself slightly in the hand with a pin. In a short time, symptoms of acute inflammation, with accompanying swelling, manifested themselves, extending from the tips of the fingers to the shoulders. For a long time, recovery was considered doubtful. The arm was more than twice its usual size, and filled with putrescent matter, which discharged every day, in great quantities. The suffering accompanying the swelling was very acute. Even to the present day, the lady has not recovered the use of her arm. These instances prove that an occurrence like the death noticed yesterday, is not to be attributed to any effect of a simple operation, but to some condition of the body actually tending to produce disease.

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New York Tribune says: "We must give it (the TELEGRAPH) at least this praise—that it seems to us the best periodical of its school, and in candor and temper a model which many of the organs of our various religious denominations might copy with profit."

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Charles Partridge, Esq., Editor and Publisher of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, New York, has our thanks for an exchange. The paper is filled with the most extraordinary spiritual revelations, and cannot fail to astonish the uninitiated like ourself. There is much ability displayed in its editorials.—*Upshur Democrat.*

Partridge's SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is a weekly quarto of twelve pages, devoted to the illustration of Spiritual Intercourse, in such courteous style that the paper *ought to be unobjectionable* to all seekers after truth. The publishers say "its columns are open to even sectarians—to everybody who has an earnest thought to utter.—*Conn. Bank Note List, (Hartford.)*

SPIRITUAL PAPER.—We have just been favored by a friend, an old "Typo," with the first number of the seventh volume of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, issued May 1st, 1858, edited by Charles Partridge, New York. It is a handsomely executed paper of twelve pages weekly, suitable for binding, and appears to have able contributors to its columns. We should judge it to be an able advocate of the cause of the present Spirit unfoldment.—*Ohio Democrat.*

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—A weekly paper, devoted to the physical and spiritual needs of mankind, by Charles Partridge, 125 Maiden Lane, New York, at \$2 00 per year. This is a publication which has attained its eighth year, and wherever it has discovered trickery has proved itself as prompt to expose humbugs as any outsiders could desire.—*Connecticut Bank Note List.*

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—This is the oldest and largest spiritual paper published, being a weekly of twelve pages. Its contributors are from the ranks of scientific and enlightened minds everywhere, and the mass of information published in its pages is truly astonishing. Mr. Partridge is no visionary fanatic, but a sagacious business man, and his character as such, gives tone and reliance to the communications which appear in the TELEGRAPH. Almost every branch of natural science is discussed in this paper, with a weekly synopsis of the important news of the day. Its columns embrace articles for and against Spiritualism, and therefore it is especially valuable to the investigator.—*Genesee County Herald.*

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